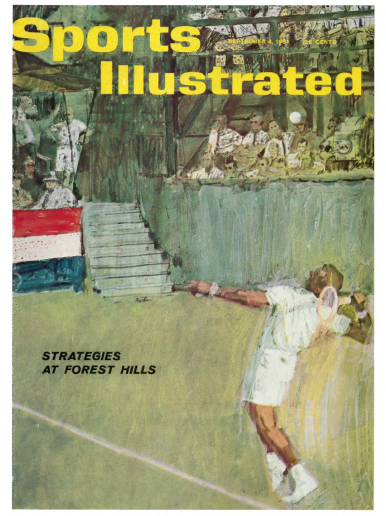




Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 4, 1991

50 CENTS

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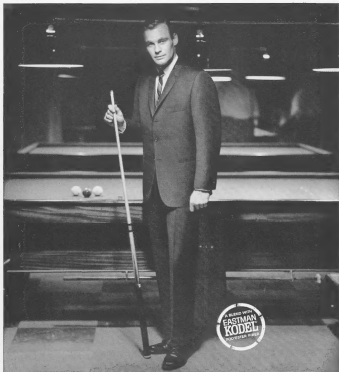


If only he hadn't been tailgating—

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Contents

SEPTEMBER 4, 1981 Volume 15 Number 8

Cover painting by Bernard Fortin

Strange Teams, Weird Business

- 12 *A fluke is broken, but surprising Chevy stays on top*
16 *A fluke is ready, as ascending Detroit strids close*

18 The Girl Who Was Too Good

Ann Quast Decker won the Winona's Amateur for the second time by getting ahead and staying there

20 Carry Back Comes Back

The Kentucky Derby winner comes out of sick bay to win at Atlantic City in typical come-from-behind fashion

22 Fitful Winds of Alcatraz

The Coast Guard rescues a quartet of sailors who choose not to go down with the ship in San Francisco Bay

24 Birth of a Solvent Baby

Before they have even played a game, Minnesota's new football Vikings are an assured financial success

30 Strategy, Strokes and Style

Bernard Fortin's color paintings and Billy Talbot's experienced eye show what to expect at Forest Hills

36 Double Play Ins and Outs

The masters of baseball's best maneuver use talent, tactics and tricks to insure success

50 A Success in Spite of His Money

A strong competitive drive brought Sonny Whitley to the top in mining, movie making, polo and horse racing

The departments

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| 8 Scorecard | 61 Baseball's Week |
| 42 Horse Racing | 62 For the Record |
| 44 Fishing | 63 19th Hole |
| 46 Automobiles | 64 Put on the Buck |



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Advertisements on page 87

Next week

The modern treasure hunter is a skilled and serious workman who may start out looking for pieces of eight but is happy in the end if he manages to come home with a nutty cannon ball.

Although hotlanders have long been used by sailors and rain-gutters, seven pages of pictures show planes are a boon for all sports spectators—showered or fashionably drenched.

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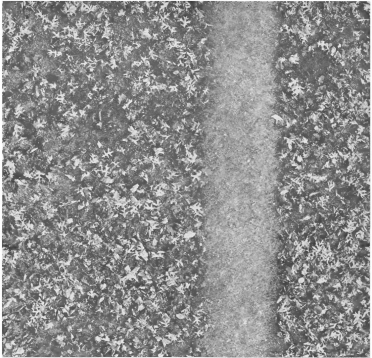
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2138: Bruce; 2139: Bruce; 2140: Bruce; 2141: Bruce; 2142: Bruce; 2143: Bruce; 2144: Bruce; 2145: Bruce; 2146: Bruce; 2147: Bruce; 2148: Bruce; 2149: Bruce; 2150: Bruce; 2151: Bruce; 2152: Bruce; 2153: Bruce; 2154: Bruce; 2155: Bruce; 2156: Bruce; 2157: Bruce; 2158: Bruce; 2159: Bruce; 2160: Bruce; 2161: Bruce; 2162: Bruce; 2163: Bruce; 2164: Bruce; 2165: Bruce; 2166: Bruce; 2167: Bruce; 2168: Bruce; 2169: Bruce; 2170: Bruce; 2171: Bruce; 2172: Bruce; 2173: Bruce; 2174: Bruce; 2175: Bruce; 2176: Bruce; 2177: Bruce; 2178: Bruce; 2179: Bruce; 2180: Bruce; 2181: Bruce; 2182: Bruce; 2183: Bruce; 2184: Bruce; 2185: Bruce; 2186: Bruce; 2187: Bruce; 2188: Bruce; 2189: Bruce; 2190: Bruce; 2191: Bruce; 2192: Bruce; 2193: Bruce; 2194: Bruce; 2195: Bruce; 2196: Bruce; 2197: Bruce; 2198: Bruce; 2199: Bruce; 2200: Bruce; 2201: Bruce; 2202: Bruce; 2203: Bruce; 2204: Bruce; 2205: Bruce; 2206: Bruce; 2207: Bruce; 2208: Bruce; 2209: Bruce; 2210: Bruce; 2211: Bruce; 2212: Bruce; 2213: Bruce; 2214: Bruce; 2215: Bruce; 2216: Bruce; 2217: Bruce; 2218: Bruce; 2219: Bruce; 2220: Bruce; 2221: Bruce; 2222: Bruce; 2223: Bruce; 2224: Bruce; 2225: Bruce; 2226: Bruce; 2227: Bruce; 2228: Bruce; 2229: Bruce; 2230: Bruce; 2231: Bruce; 2232: Bruce; 2233: Bruce; 2234: Bruce; 2235: Bruce; 2236: Bruce; 2237: Bruce; 2238: Bruce; 2239: Bruce; 2240: Bruce; 2241: Bruce; 2242: Bruce; 2243: Bruce; 2244: Bruce; 2245: Bruce; 2246: Bruce; 2247: Bruce; 2248: Bruce; 2249: Bruce; 2250: Bruce; 2251: Bruce; 2252: Bruce; 2253: Bruce; 2254: Bruce; 2255: Bruce; 2256: Bruce; 2257: Bruce; 2258: Bruce; 2259: Bruce; 2260: Bruce; 2261: Bruce; 2262: Bruce; 2263: Bruce; 2264: Bruce; 2265: Bruce; 2266: Bruce; 2267: Bruce; 2268: Bruce; 2269: Bruce; 2270: Bruce; 2271: Bruce; 2272: Bruce; 2273: Bruce; 2274: Bruce; 2275: Bruce; 2276: Bruce; 2277: Bruce; 2278: Bruce; 2279: Bruce; 2280: Bruce; 2281: Bruce; 2282: Bruce; 2283: Bruce; 2284: Bruce; 2285: Bruce; 2286: Bruce; 2287: Bruce; 2288: Bruce; 2289: Bruce; 2290: Bruce; 2291: Bruce; 2292: Bruce; 2293: Bruce; 2294: Bruce; 2295: Bruce; 2296: Bruce; 2297: Bruce; 2298: Bruce; 2299: Bruce; 2300: Bruce; 2301: Bruce; 2302: Bruce; 2303: Bruce; 2304: Bruce; 2305: Bruce; 2306: Bruce; 2307: Bruce; 2308: Bruce; 2309: Bruce; 2310: Bruce; 2311: Bruce; 2312: Bruce; 2313: Bruce; 2314: Bruce; 2315: Bruce; 2316: Bruce; 2317: Bruce; 2318: Bruce; 2319: Bruce; 2320: Bruce; 2321: Bruce; 2322: Bruce; 2323: Bruce; 2324: Bruce; 2325: Bruce; 2326: Bruce; 2327: Bruce; 2328: Bruce; 2329: Bruce; 2330: Bruce; 2331: Bruce; 2332: Bruce; 2333: Bruce; 2334: Bruce; 2335: Bruce; 2336: Bruce; 2337: Bruce; 2338: Bruce; 2339: Bruce; 2340: Bruce; 2341: Bruce; 2342: Bruce; 2343: Bruce; 2344: Bruce; 2345: Bruce; 2346: Bruce; 2347: Bruce; 2348: Bruce; 2349: Bruce; 2350: Bruce; 2351: Bruce; 2352: Bruce; 2353: Bruce; 2354: Bruce; 2355: Bruce; 2356: Bruce; 2357: Bruce; 2358: Bruce; 2359: Bruce; 2360: Bruce; 2361: Bruce; 2362: Bruce; 2363: Bruce; 2364: Bruce; 2365: Bruce; 2366: Bruce; 2367: Bruce; 2368: Bruce; 2369: Bruce; 2370: Bruce; 2371: Bruce; 2372: Bruce; 2373: Bruce; 2374: Bruce; 2375: Bruce; 2376: Bruce; 2377: Bruce; 2378: Bruce; 2379: Bruce; 2380: Bruce; 2381: Bruce; 2382: Bruce; 2383: Bruce; 2384: Bruce; 2385: Bruce; 2386: Bruce; 2387: Bruce; 2388: Bruce; 2389: Bruce; 2390: Bruce; 2391: Bruce; 2392: Bruce; 2393: Bruce; 2394: Bruce; 2395: Bruce; 2396: Bruce; 2397: Bruce; 2398: Bruce; 2399: Bruce; 2400: Bruce; 2401: Bruce; 2402: Bruce; 2403: Bruce; 2404: Bruce; 2405: Bruce; 2406: Bruce; 2407: Bruce; 2408: Bruce; 2409: Bruce; 2410: Bruce; 2411: Bruce; 2412: Bruce; 2413: Bruce; 2414: Bruce; 2415: Bruce; 2416: Bruce; 2417: Bruce; 2418: Bruce; 2419: Bruce; 2420: Bruce; 2421: Bruce; 2422: Bruce; 2423: Bruce; 2424: Bruce; 2425: Bruce; 2426: Bruce; 2427: Bruce; 2428: Bruce; 2429: Bruce; 2430: Bruce; 2431: Bruce; 2432: Bruce; 2433: Bruce; 2434: Bruce; 2435: Bruce; 2436: Bruce; 2437: Bruce; 2438: Bruce; 2439: Bruce; 2440: Bruce; 2441: Bruce; 2442: Bruce; 2443: Bruce; 2444: Bruce; 2445: Bruce; 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2677: Bruce; 2678: Bruce; 2679: Bruce; 2680: Bruce; 2681: Bruce; 2682: Bruce; 2683: Bruce; 2684: Bruce; 2685: Bruce; 2686: Bruce; 2687: Bruce; 2688: Bruce; 2689: Bruce; 2690: Bruce; 2691: Bruce; 2692: Bruce; 2693: Bruce; 2694: Bruce; 2695: Bruce; 2696: Bruce; 2697: Bruce; 2698: Bruce; 2699: Bruce; 2700: Bruce; 2701: Bruce; 2702: Bruce; 2703: Bruce; 2704: Bruce; 2705: Bruce; 2706: Bruce; 2707: Bruce; 2708: Bruce; 2709: Bruce; 2710: Bruce; 2711: Bruce; 2712: Bruce; 2713: Bruce; 2714: Bruce; 2715: Bruce; 2716: Bruce; 2717: Bruce; 2718: Bruce; 2719: Bruce; 2720: Bruce; 2721: Bruce; 2722: Bruce; 2723: Bruce; 2724: Bruce; 2725: Bruce; 2726: Bruce; 2727: Bruce; 2728: Bruce; 2729: Bruce; 2730: Bruce; 2731: Bruce; 2732: Bruce; 2733: Bruce; 2734: Bruce; 2735: Bruce; 2736: Bruce; 2737: Bruce; 2738: Bruce; 2739: Bruce; 2740: Bruce; 2741: Bruce; 2742: Bruce; 2743: Bruce; 2744: Bruce; 2745: Bruce; 2746: Bruce; 2747: Bruce; 2748: Bruce; 2749: Bruce; 2750: Bruce; 2751: Bruce; 2752: Bruce; 2753: Bruce; 2754: Bruce; 2755: Bruce; 2756: Bruce; 2757: Bruce; 2758: Bruce; 2759: Bruce; 2760: Bruce; 2761: Bruce; 2762: Bruce; 2763: Bruce; 2764: Bruce; 2765: Bruce; 2766: Bruce; 2767: Bruce; 2768: Bruce; 2769: Bruce; 2770: Bruce; 2771: Bruce; 2772: Bruce; 2773: Bruce; 2774: Bruce; 2775: Bruce; 2776: Bruce; 2777: Bruce; 2778: Bruce; 2779: Bruce; 2780: Bruce; 2781: Bruce; 2782: Bruce; 2783: Bruce; 2784: Bruce; 2785: Bruce; 2786: Bruce; 2787: Bruce; 2788: Bruce; 2789: Bruce; 2790: Bruce; 2791: Bruce; 2792: Bruce; 2793: Bruce; 2794: Bruce; 2795: Bruce; 2796: Bruce; 2797: Bruce; 2798: Bruce; 2799: Bruce; 2800: Bruce; 2801: Bruce; 2802: Bruce; 2803: Bruce; 2804: Bruce; 2805: Bruce; 2806: Bruce; 2807: Bruce; 2808: Bruce; 2809: Bruce; 2810: Bruce; 2811: Bruce; 2812: Bruce; 2813: Bruce; 2814: Bruce; 2815: Bruce; 2816: Bruce; 2817: Bruce; 2818: Bruce; 2819: Bruce; 2820: Bruce; 2821: Bruce; 2822: Bruce; 2823: Bruce; 2824: Bruce; 2825: Bruce; 2826: Bruce; 2827: Bruce; 2828: Bruce; 2829: Bruce; 2830: Bruce; 2831: Bruce; 2832: Bruce; 2833: Bruce; 2834: Bruce; 2835: Bruce; 2836: Bruce; 2837: Bruce; 2838: Bruce; 2839: Bruce; 2840: Bruce; 2841: Bruce; 2842: Bruce; 2843: Bruce; 2844: Bruce; 2845: Bruce; 2846: Bruce; 2847: Bruce; 2848: Bruce; 2849: Bruce; 2850: Bruce; 2851: Bruce; 2852: Bruce; 2853: Bruce; 2854: Bruce; 2855: Bruce; 2856: Bruce; 2857: Bruce; 2858: Bruce; 2859: Bruce; 2860: Bruce; 2861: Bruce; 2862: Bruce; 2863: Bruce; 2864: Bruce; 2865: Bruce; 2866: Bruce; 2867: Bruce; 2868: Bruce; 2869: Bruce; 2870: Bruce; 2871: Bruce; 2872: Bruce; 2873: Bruce; 2874: Bruce; 2875: Bruce; 2876: Bruce; 2877: Bruce; 2878: Bruce; 2879: Bruce; 2880: Bruce; 2881: Bruce; 2882: Bruce; 2883: Bruce; 2884: Bruce; 2885: Bruce; 2886: Bruce; 2887: Bruce; 2888: Bruce; 2889: Bruce; 2890: Bruce; 2891: Bruce; 2892: Bruce; 2893: Bruce; 2894: Bruce; 2895: Bruce; 2896: Bruce; 2897: Bruce; 2898: Bruce; 2899: Bruce; 2900: Bruce; 2901: Bruce; 2902: Bruce; 2903: Bruce; 2904: Bruce; 2905: Bruce; 2906: Bruce; 2907: Bruce; 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GOLF EVENTS

Major tournaments through October 12

SEPTEMBER 1-6

Walker Cup Match, U.S. vs. Great Britain, Seattle Golf Club, Seattle.

SEPTEMBER 1-4

Dallas Open Invitational, \$36,000, Oak Cliff Country Club, Dallas.

SEPTEMBER 7-10

Denver Open Invitational, \$25,000, Meadow Hill Country Club, Denver.

SEPTEMBER 15-16

USGA Amateur, Pebble Beach Golf Links, Del Monte Golf and Country Club, Pebble Beach, Calif.

SEPTEMBER 16-17

Greater Seattle Open, \$25,000, Broadmoor Golf Club, Seattle.

SEPTEMBER 20-24

Portland Open, \$25,000, Columbia Edgewater Golf Club, Portland, Ore.

SEPTEMBER 22-24

LPGA Sacramento Valley Ladies' Open, \$8,500, Del Paso Country Club, Sacramento.

SEPTEMBER 26-28

U.S. Senior Women's Golf Association Championship, Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y.

SEPTEMBER 26-OCTOBER 1

Bakersfield Open, \$25,000, Bakersfield Country Club, Bakersfield, Calif.

LPGA San Diego Open, \$8,500, Mission Valley Country Club, San Diego.

OCTOBER 2-7

USGA Senior Amateur, Southern Hills Country Club, Tulsa.

OCTOBER 8-9

LPGA Bill Brannin's Swing Parade, \$7,500, Four Hills Country Club, Albuquerque.

OCTOBER 10-15

Ontario Open, \$20,000, Ontario Municipal Golf and Country Club, Ontario, Calif.

LPGA Championship, \$15,000, Stardust Country Club, Las Vegas. **END**

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED SEPTEMBER 4, 1961



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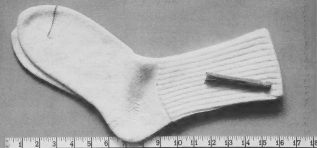
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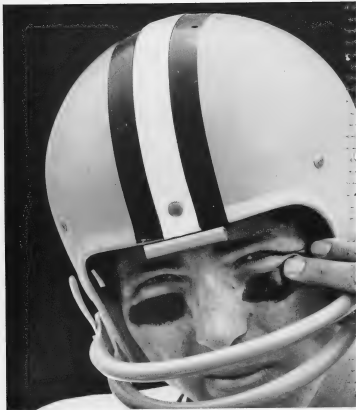
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SCORECARD

GETTING READY, MAYBE

It now seems Floyd Patterson will fight Tom McNeeley on Monday, November 13 in the green and gloomy Boston Garden. Originally the fight had been scheduled for late September, then "definitely" for October 23, but Championship Sports Inc., the promoters, now don't want to book Patterson-McNeeley too close to the middleweight title fight between Terry Downes and Paul Pender on September 25, also in Boston.

Boston hasn't been the site of a heavyweight championship since Joe Louis dispatched Al McCoy in six rounds in 1940. In 1940, however, the drawing power of Louis attracted 13,325 to the Boston Garden at a \$10 top (capacity 14,000), even though Louis was favored at 20 to 1. McNeeley is virtually unknown—his last win was over one Kilroe Eave of the Friendly Islands—but Championship Sports is planning to charge \$100 top. This would seem to indicate a belief that Boston fight fans are either 10 times as rich or 10 times as stupid as they were in 1940—or, hopefully, both.

HAVING A BALL

Controversy over the liveliness of major league baseballs continued last week. Ford Frick said the exciting A.L. "home-run derby" could not be interrupted, and that if something were wrong with baseballs, that would be looked into after the end of the season. Unsurprisingly, Frank Lane was blunter: "Of course the ball is livelier," he said. Dave Kezle, the traveling secretary of the A's, agreed. "The tats [see *A's Devil*, 51, Aug. 28] were very convincing in proving a valid point." Harmon Killebrew (37 homers) and Bob Allison (27) of the Minnesota Twins both disagreed. Killebrew said, "The ball is the same ball I've been hitting since I've been in the majors [1954]." Allison said: "I think they just want something to talk about. You still have

to hit the ball." Calvin Griffith, who, as owner of the Twins, employs both Killebrew and Allison, differed with his sluggers: "I think that story proves what we've known all along. The ball is livelier. Better wool and better hide are bound to make a better ball. We used to get balls that had oil coming out of them. But I think the fans want the home runs, and we need to stimulate fans' interest." Jim Garde (39 homers) of the Baltimore Orioles complained: "Sometimes I don't think I even get good wood on the ball, and it goes out of the park. But over the long run, with wind to fight and all, I don't think it makes much difference in the number of home runs." Mel Allen, the broadcaster for New York Yankee games, declared defiantly: "Mentle and Mark haven't been hitting any cheap home runs this year."

The reaction we liked best, however, came from Pedro Ramos, the thoughtful pitcher for the Twins who has given up 35 home runs this year, more than any other pitcher. "The ball," said Pedro, "has to be livelier. Everyone hit the ball too far. Can't ease up on anyone. Can't pace yourself. Even pitchers hit the ball 400 feet. I think they should do something about it."

BRING BACK THE BILLBOARDS

One of the cigarette companies used to contend that "nature is the raw is seldom mild." They may have been right at the time, but they would be wrong today. That grand invention, the parkway/freeway/turmpike, which usually is free of billboards, people and other diversions, has proved that nature in the raw is often mild and, in overdone, a bore.

Driving from New York City to Atlantic City, for example, one gets on the Garden State Parkway in the vicinity of the Ambossy. Up to that point the roadside, a jungle of chemical plants and tank farms, has had a sort of horrid fascination. But for the next 30 miles the parkway coils and glides through a monotonically identical succession of gentle meadows and gentle fields.

Driving down from Minneapolis to Chicago, the experience is the same. There is no dramatic variance in the landscape to engage the mind; the car rolls forward, 60 miles every 60 minutes, the view broken only by the motorist's glazing eye.

One of our writers, touring Europe, was struck by the *identical* the lever roads supply—France looks like France, Italy like Italy, etc. Then, heading for London from the Midlands, he got on the mighty new M-1 thoroughway. "I thought I was in New Jersey," he said.

We do not favor obscuring an Alp or a Grand Canyon with a billboard boasting a motel, nor are we admirers of litter. But we do say, and we would not love nature half so much loved we not alertness (*i.e.*, living) more, that a lot of foliage loses by overexposure and that a certain amount of roadside rascals keeps motorists awake. It also lets them know where they are, like what country, dad.

KEEP IT CLEAN

The 1,000 scientists who make up the International Astronomical Union came out last week for a cleaner Outer Space. What set them off was a White House O.K. on the Air Force's project to disperse 350 million copper needles beyond



the ionosphere as a reflecting band for radio signals. This magazine has come out for cleaner banks on rivers, cleaner sewage around cities and cleaner hands in boxing, and would like to add its own protest. And while we're at it, let's not draw the line just at copper needles. We think people should be reminded not to leave cigarette butts, beer cans, sandwich wrappers and, most of all, vodka bottles

*The Commissioner of Baseball, who has stated that Al Rosen, Mark or Mickey Vernon holds Babe Ruth's record of 60 home runs in 362 games, said record will be posted as career totals with a dramatic gesture, to denote that they did not hit the 60 home runs in 371 games as Babe Ruth did.

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SCORECARD continued

marketed it in The Twenties under the name of "Dynamic Tension." Ah there, Charlie.

GOVERNATORIAL VIGORISH

Governor Rockefeller of New York has bet Governor Swanson of Michigan three bushels of New York apples to one bushel of Michigan apples that the New York Yankees will beat the Detroit Tigers for the American League pennant.

This probably does not mean that Rocky, who has not been to a major league baseball game since 1958 or a race track since 1959, is revising his well-known opposition to off-track betting in New York. But he should have given Swanson five to one—which was the correct odds when he clinched the bet.

CART OF CHARACTERS

• Willie O'Ree, who played with the Boston Bruins of the National Hockey League last season (four goals, 10 assists in 41 games), has been traded to the Montreal Canadiens. O'Ree, the first Negro in the NHL, is not considered good enough prospect to make parent club this season. The Canadiens probably will farm him to the Hull-Ottawa team or Quebec Aces.

• Ted Erickson, a 33-year-old research chemist, became the first person to swim 16½ miles across Lake Michigan (time: 36 hours and 37 minutes). He fought high waves, a driving rain and darkness. At one point his wife, rowing alongside, lost him for 10 minutes. When he staggered onto the shore, one of the first things he asked for was a shower.

• Jockey Mike Sorentino, who became a rider in July for the famous Greentree Stable of John Hay Whitney and Joan Whitney Payton, parted with the stable last week: Once powerful Greentree has now lost four riders in the last four years (others: Ted Atkinson, John Ryan, Sam Boulmetis). Sorentino's last ride for Greentree was aboard Trial Balloon, which finished sixth in a field of seven. In his first start against his old employers Sorentino drove Jaywalking to a nose victory—over Trial Balloon.

• Sam Graham, a Ruthophile from Phoenix, Arizona, recently quoted statistics which proved to him that The Babe stood far above either Maris or Mantle as a home-run hitter. Graham points out that Ruth's 60 home runs in 1927 were 11.7% of the American League's total while Maris, because of

the large number of homers hit in the American League this season, accounts for only 4%.

• Philosophical Light Heavyweight Eddie Cotton, who after 14 years finally got a shot at some portion of a title by fighting Harold Johnson for the NBA light-heavy championship this week, said in a story in *The New York Times*: "You get promises, promises and then they fall through. But you still get up early every morning, do your road work and go into the gym. You figure one day maybe somebody by mistake will give you a break."

ALL THE ANGLES

A catalog for con men called *Blue Book* was presented last week for the enlightenment of the U.S. Senators who are currently inquiring into the ways and means of gambling. *Blue Book* is a mail-order product of K. C. Card Co. of Chicago, and it offers customers loaded dice, tools to measure and balance dice, marked cards and devices to read them without being caught and shot. For \$199, for instance, you can buy K. C.'s *Auto Cue Prospector*, card-pack size, and by a dot-dash system it enables you to tell your card partner what you're holding. There is also a line of contact lenses for reading the backs of cards and contactless cards, which reveal their markings only to lens wearers. You can also get coins made to spin heads or tails, and there is even one made to spin fair. K. C. Card Co. has one item for use of the connoisseur instead of the conner. It's a book called *Proverities*, and it exposes "slot machines, card backs and their marks, etc."

For the superstitious and the mystic who also like to gamble, K. C. sells pairs of lodestones at \$2 a pair, "used as a luck charm by many people." One stone is to drive away evil, the other to draw luck. *The Sacred Seventh Book of Moses*, translated from the ancient Hebrew, and *Alphabetic Magic*, containing the secrets of ancient Egypt, sell for \$2 each.

In the introduction to *Blue Book*, which is not to be confused with the opus by the same name written by the founder of the John Birch Society, there is this pious notice: "Goods in this catalog are not sold to perpetrate a fraud or for any illegal purpose." When asked where most of these con goods were sold, a tired Senate subcommittee man said: "In Texas—but don't tell Lyndon Johnson."

END



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JINXED

Zany garb and heavy hitting broke the Dodgers' losing streak, then the first-place Reds came back to start them on another

by WALTER BINGHAM

If baseball made any sense at all, the Cincinnati Reds would have disappeared from the top of the National League months ago. They would be somewhere around sixth place, right where the smart money picked them to be, and they would have left the business of deciding a pennant winner to more talented teams. But baseball is rarely sensible. So the city of Cincinnati has been busily plastering up "Rally Round the Reds" signs and announcing night-game scores between bouts at the wrestling matches and acts at the opera house, while its Reds have called round first place.

Into this already improbable setting last Friday came the team which was considered the class of the National League, the second-place Los Angeles Dodgers. A sudden three and a half games behind, the Dodgers were combating not only the inescapable Reds, but an equally inexplicable 10-game losing streak (worst for the Dodgers in 17 years). Three days and four games later the Dodgers left Cincinnati. They had first joyously broken their losing string and had showed off their (and baseball's) fastest pitchers, their power hitters and their flashy fielders. But they wound up still exactly three and a half games behind the Reds.

That the Dodgers should be in this desperate situation made even less sense than Cincinnati's recent steadfast hold on first place. Just two weeks before, it was Los Angeles that was in first place, and it was the Reds who were trying to avoid complete collapse. Cincinnati,

SUPERSTITION: DODGER lockerroom, John Griffin, who changed costumes every night as the Dodgers kept losing, dressed as an accident victim on evening Los Angeles finally won.

AND JINXED AGAIN

Photograph by Neil Zander

after leading for much of the season, had begun to lose, as expected. At the same time the Dodgers, also as expected, had begun to win—19 out of 22 in one stretch—and in so doing took over the lead. With the supposedly more serious contenders—the Giants, Braves and Pirates—considerably to the rear, it appeared that the Dodgers were about to leave the rest of the league far behind.

Then came the Dodger disaster. In a three-game series with the Reds in Los Angeles, the Dodgers scored two runs in the first inning of the first game. In the next 28 innings they neglected to score at all. They lost all three games, of course. Counting a previous defeat by St. Louis, this made four in a row and the Dodgers fell back to second place.

The loss of the Cincinnati series did not bother Manager Walter Alton. "We had won so many games that I figured we were due to drop a few," he said. The Dodgers finally scored a run in San Francisco, but lost three more games, then flew to St. Louis and dropped another three. Alton barred the clubhouse to reporters after one game and lectured his players.

"I gave them a little hell and I gave them a little encouragement," said Alton. "Norm Larker dropped a pop foul that hurt us, but nobody works harder than Norm. Willie Davis held up on a base hit and couldn't score the winning run. It was just a tough break."

As the Dodgers' losing streak grew, John Griffin, the team lockerman, changed from one bizarre costume to another in an effort to snap the jinx. One night the Dodgers, now frantically superstitious, exchanged uniform shirts for their pregame workout. They wanted to continue it that way through the game, but Alton said no.

Continued

AUSPICIOUS DODGER Batter, Frank Howard, gave his biggest player, hit three home runs.



There was weyness in the losing streak too. "I don't know who we're trying to catch, the Reds or the Phils," said one player. Big Don Drysdale looked at the Dodger plane in St. Louis and said, "The way things are going I don't think we'd better climb aboard."

Maury Wills, the Dodgers' five-hole shortstop, continued to play his guitar on the team bus. "I play songs from the '30s and '40s," said Wills. "Most of the guys join in singing. I think it helps. I can't tell whether the guys are down, or whether they're being quiet because that's the thing to do when you lose."

It was inevitable that as the Dodgers lost game after game a rumor should arise that Walter Alton was about to be fired. Dodger owner Walter O'Malley denied the rumor vigorously. "I have faith," he wired from California. Any manager knows this is a bad sign. Alton himself walked around with a smile as ambiguous as Mom Liza's and said he had other things to worry about.

It was also not surprising that the Alton managing technique, a platooning system worthy of pro football, should be challenged. Since Casey Stengel was fired, many Yankees have complained about the way he platooned them. But Alton has stoutly defended his use of 15 to 18 players in a game, pointing out his older men need rest, admitting that it

would probably be better for youngsters like Frank Howard and Willie Davis to play every day, and then concluding firmly that there is a pennant to be won. And what a pennant. A New York vs. Los Angeles World Series could mean a gross of \$450,000 to the Dodger management and \$13,500 to each player—the richest series ever.

Nor was Fred Hutchinson, the Cincinnati manager, much happier. After the Reds swept the Dodgers in Los Angeles and regained the lead, the team showed signs of falling apart. Frank Robinson, the hard-hitting outfielder who is certainly the Most Valuable Player in the league, hurt his knee and could not take his full swing. The Reds lost one to St. Louis and two more to San Francisco. In the second Giant loss, the Reds gave up 12 runs in the sixth inning. So, while Walt Alton was talking to the Dodgers in St. Louis, Hutchinson looked the Red dressing room. There is no report on what he said, but he said it loud and long and the Reds won the next night.

Yet, basically, the Reds were a cold team as they awaited the Dodgers; the Dodgers were a cold team coming into town, and both were so preoccupied with just winning a game that they forgot about the hatred for each other that had led to the year's best baseball feud.

Crosley Field was packed the evening of the first game, but packed for Crosley Field is only 30,000. (The Yankees thunder whenever they consider a Series in Cincinnati instead of the 92,000-seat Los Angeles Coliseum.) The fans saw the game decided by one ground ball in the Reds' half of the fifth. Bob Purkey started for the Reds; Sandy Koufax, who hadn't won in a month, for the Dodgers. Old Duke Snider and young Frank Howard hit home runs to give the Dodgers a 4-1 lead as the Reds came to bat in the fifth.

Koufax, who had shown tremors of wildness, walked Purkey on four pitches. Then he hit the next batter and walked the next to load the bases with none out. Wade Pinson, a .338 hitter, was up. Frank Robinson was on deck. Walt Alton was at the mound, faced with either more Koufax or turning to one of his relief pitchers, members of a group that has been so ineffective of late it could hardly have survived in the Three-B League.

"Koufax was throwing too hard," said Alton later. "I just told him to relax and follow through." Koufax threw one relaxed pitch to Pinson and Pinson popped it up. He threw another pitch to



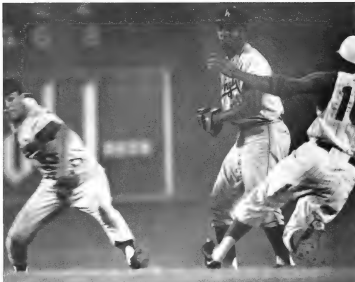
CRUCIAL MOMENT OF FIRST GAME COMES

Robinson and Robinson hit it hard, just to the left of second, where it normally would have been a hit. But Maury Wills had noticed that Robinson was not swinging well because of his bad knee and had therefore decided he might not pull as much. Wills, in exactly the right spot, scooped up the ball, bobbled it, grabbed it again, stepped on second and got the throw over to first to double Robinson. (For more on Wills and double plays, see page 38.) The Dodgers were out of the inning and Koufax was never in trouble again.

In the Dodger dressing room, John Griffin, who had dressed that night in a much-banded accident survivor, paraded in his costume, successful at last. Koufax got a handshake from everyone. When the team bus was ready to leave for the hotel, the pitcher was still in his uniform, answering questions. Gil Hedges called to him. "You want us to

RED ARTILLERY began to fire as Wade Pinson hit grand-slam homer against Dodgers.





AS DODGERS' WILLIS, WHOSE ALERTNESS PREVENTED HIT, CROSSES SECOND AND THROWS TO FIRST FOR BASES-LOADED DOUBLE PLAY

wait, Sandy?" Koufax shook his head. "Go ahead," he said. "I'll catch a cab." Hodges lingered at the door. "Look," he said. "You want us to wait? Just say the word, Sandy boy. We'll wait all right."

On Saturday the Dodgers went again, quickly and ruthlessly. Fred Hutchinson, snapped for a pitcher, tried to get by with Jay Hook, who had not started a game since June. The Dodgers jumped him for four runs in the second inning, widened the lead to 6-0 and won comfortably 10-6. Johnny Podres, the old Dodger hero who is having a fine year, won his 16th game. And huge Frank Howard hit another home run. The Dodger dressing room was much quieter than it had been the night before. They had ended their slump, and now they were the cool professionals once again, carving up a pigeon.

Nobody in gloomy Cincinnati attached much importance to two minor develop-

ments. Pinson had generated some Cincinnati offense with a grand-slam home run, and the Dodger relief pitchers who followed Podres were far from impressive. On Sunday the pigeon pecked back.

Dodger Pitcher Stan Williams, a fast-baller, of course, held the Reds hitless until the fifth. He stopped Pinson and Robinson when there were men on base, and he had a 3-1 lead going into the seventh. Then, with two out and two on, Gene Freese, a refugee from three other clubs who is having by far his finest year, hit a home run. The next inning an error led to two more Red runs, and they won 6-3.

They carried the momentum of their late rush into the second game. Freese hit a home run in the first inning off that Dodger faster-baller, Don Drysdale, the most unpopular man in Cincinnati because of his proclivity for hitting Red batters. The Reds drove Drysdale out

in the sixth inning and won easily 8-3.

Having got their split the hard way, the Reds now had a lead that was impressive, if not decisive. They have played seven more games than the Dodgers and won them all. With 12 open dates in their schedule, they need start only their three best pitchers, Parkes, Joey Jay and Jim O'Toole. They also have six games against last-place Philadelphia while the Dodgers have seven against third-place and always-tasty San Francisco.

Because of their personnel the Dodgers may still be, in theory, the best team in the league. But time has grown short, the Reds have shown their nerve, and it's an axiom of baseball that when September comes the likely pennant winner is really the best team. That's Cincinnati.

TURN PAGE TO MEET THE KEY MAN IN AN EVEN CLOSER PENNANT RACE

TATERS KEEPS THE TIGERS UP THERE

Yankee beater Frank Lary leads Detroit into New York as the Tigers again challenge for the league lead

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

Hard as it was to understand what the Cincinnati Reds were doing on top of the National League, it was even harder to realize that the New York Yankees had not been able to make a first division all of their own in the American League. But the more home runs Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris hit and the more games Whitey Luis Arroyo Ford won, the more tenacious became the second-place Detroit Tigers.

This weekend Detroit arrives in New York for three games, first place will likely be at stake and once again the Tigers will have on bold display the big reason they can bother the Yankees: Frank Strong Lary.

Lary, a stocky 30-year-old right-hander who is known as Taters to his teammates, is scheduled to pitch the Saturday game, and as every Tiger fan knows, Taters makes the Yankees grovel. Since

joining the Tigers he has won 26 from the Yankees and lost only nine to them. In 1958 he did what no pitcher has done in 42 years—he beat the Yankees seven times. This season his record against them is three and one, and he helped win the three, all by the identical score of 4-3, with his running the beat a force throw to second to keep a rally alive) and his hitting (a ninth-inning homer in May and a two-out, two-strike suicide squeeze bunt in the 16th inning in July).

Nor are his one-man conquests of the Yankees all Lary has done for Detroit this year. "I think he's the best pitcher in baseball right now," says Tiger Manager Bob Schefling. "He's got good stuff and good control. He's a good fielder and a hell of a competitor. He's pitched 18 complete games, more

than anyone in either league, and he's won 19. Ford pitches a lot, but he hasn't pitched as many complete games, and he's had a lot more runs to work with. Also, Ford's pitching in the Stadium. The park in Detroit is tougher to pitch in."

Frank Lary is a classic kind of ballplayer—the type, alas, you don't see much of these days. He is a throwback to the Cardinals of the 30's, a cotton pickin', gas-tar strummin', old clay Alabama farm boy, unspoiled by a little college or a lot of success. He is mean on the mound and a joker off it. To strangers he is quiet, but to the Tigers he is the Jonathan Winters of the dugout, keeping them loose and laughing. Sometimes he is a Casey Stengel, his legs bowed, his pants rolled above his knees. Then he is the trainer, complete in white



"THROWS WHAT HE WANTS TO THROW"

shirt, white trousers and with a Turkish towel wrapped around his head. "He's a droll fellow," says Schefling.

Lary is the sixth of seven sons born to the J. Milton (Mitt) Larys of Northport, Ala. Mitt Lary, a weathered string of a man, was a semipro softball pitcher who didn't get a chance to make the majors because of World War I. But he reckoned he was going to see at least one of his boys make it. From the time they were tons, he had them playing ball on the family farm. When they weren't out plowing behind the mule, they were pitching from the mound Mitt built in the front yard. All except James became pitchers. "We had to have a catcher among us," Frank says. All were fine athletes, and although Frank was the runt of the litter—he was called Shorty around the house—he was as good as any. From the sidelines Pa urged them on. "Jalway told my boys to play like Ty Cobb," Mitt says. Once a neighboring town challenged another town to a game. The stakes were bales of cotton. The challengers hired Frank to pitch, and after he was ahead 17-0, he dawdled through an inning, giving a run. Mitt met him as he walked to the bench. "Frank," he said, "these folks hired you to come down here and pitch. Now if you ain't gonna, just bring your glove and we're going home. And leave the money."

Along with brothers Al and Ed, Frank played in the backfield of Tuscaloosa County High, and they gave the school

"NOT TRAVELED, BUT SMART"



its last unbeaten football team. Frank once punted 80 yards. (His wife-to-be was the head cheerleader for the rival high school.)

Frank followed his brothers to the University of Alabama but, unlike them, he didn't play football. Al was a star end (Coach Red Drew called him a better pro prospect than Don Hutson), but Frank concentrated on baseball. In his sophomore year he won 10 and lost one in the regular college season and led Alabama to victory in the NCAA district championships with two wins. Shortly thereafter, in the summer of 1950, he signed with Detroit.

Lary pitched in the low minors for a year, served in the Army, then had two good seasons in the International League before coming up with the Tigers late in 1954. In his first full season in 1955 he won 14 and lost 15 and picked up his nickname when he wrote "taters" on a dining-car order blank. "I didn't have room to spell the whole word out," he explains.

Jack Homel, the Tiger trainer and perhaps Lary's closest friend on the club, says, "Taters wasn't traveled, but he was smart. He just kept quiet and listened. You used to see him in the lobby in a sport shirt. So I gave him a bow tie and told him to wear it. He wore that same tie for three weeks, regardless of whether

or not he was wearing a brown suit, a blue suit, a gray suit. Finally I said, 'Hey, kid, I was trying to get you to buy some ties.' Now look at him—he's one of the best-dressed players."

In 1956 Lary started poorly. By July 1, he had won only four and lost 10. Then he began using a knuckle ball as a change of pace, and in the second half of the season he won 17 and lost only three for a mark of 21-13. That winter Northport held a Lary family day, honoring Frank, Al, who had won eight for Tulsa in the Texas League, and Gene, who had won 21 for Mobile in the Southern Association. Ma-or Hiram (Dir) Darden presented Mitt with a key to the town in the form of a baseball bat, and the Larys helped the festivities by playing mandolins, fiddles and guitars for the square dancing. (Al and Gene are still in the minors. Gene is having a so-so season with Mobile, but Al is doing so well for Houston/Detroit may buy him.)

In spite of some arm trouble, this has been Lary's best season. He throws a fast ball ("It's faster than it looks from the stands," says Schaffing), a curve, a sinker and a slider. Some hitters say he also throws a splitter. "He wouldn't use a splitter," says Mitt. He has used the knuckler sparingly because "no other pitches have been working for me a lot better." On the mound, he insists on calling his own game. He'll give a sign of his own, or he'll shake the catcher's sign off until he gets the signal he wants. "When I'm pitching a ball game, it's my game," Lary says. "He throws what he wants to throw," is the word around the Detroit clubhouse. Unless he's hit hard early in the game, which has been seldom, Lary stays to the end no matter how tired he may appear. Schaffing, who doesn't like to change pitchers just for the sake of a change, has learned that Lary is at his best when things look worst, particularly against the Yankees.

Lary cannot explain his success against New York. "There's no answer to it," he says. "I just pitch



"WOULD NEVER USE A SPLITTER"

another ball game." Homel says the Yankees have reached the point, understandably, where they feel Lary is a jam. "It's become a mental thing," he says. "I've also noticed over the years that when our club goes into the Stadium, it gets hyped up. You see it in the attitude, the speech, everything about the guys. Like a horse that's kicking up its heels before a race."

Lary feels this as much, or more, than anyone. But he still likes to clown around off the mound, even at Yankee Stadium. "You got to have a little fun," he says. Recently a newspaper photographer ran into the clubhouse looking for Norm Cash. "I'm Cash," said Lary, seizing a bat and striking a pose. The photographer shot away. Just before he left, Lary identified himself. "Taters didn't want the guy to get into trouble," Homel says.

In the dugout, Lary responds to a teammate's remarks by cocking his head and crossing his eyes. "He has then crossed half the time," says Homel. "You know that guy who works in the sewer with Jackie Gleason? Yeah, Art Carney. Well Taters can be like him with people. Let somebody ask him for an autograph. Right away he'll get a dumb expression on his face. Then he'll flick both wrists maybe 50 times as though he's warming up to write before he signs his name. Most people don't know what to expect from Lary." The Yankees, however, know too well what to expect. **END**

"HE'S A BRILL FELLOW"



THE GIRL WHO WAS TOO GOOD

by EMMETT WATSON

Anne Quast Decker won the Women's Amateur Championship by staying ahead all the way

If the adjectives "brilliant" and "her-ing" can somehow live together, then they must be coupled to describe Anne Quast Decker's incredibly easy victory in the USGA Women's Amateur Championship in Tacoma, Wash. last week. For even brilliance, when extended over a week's golf play, can create its own match-by-match monotony.

Existing USGA records supply no instance where one girl has so dominated the 61-year-old tournament. In her string of seven victories, Mrs. Decker never trailed at any point. She lost only six holes out of 112 played. She finished the week at nine under par, scored 19 birdies and ended Saturday's 36-hole championship round with a record-breaking 14 and 13 victory over Phyllis Press of Pompano Beach, Fla.

Early in the week Anne Decker made known her consuming desire to win her second Women's Amateur. She won it the first time in 1938 in Elkins, Conn. But the Northwest is her home, and Tacoma's historic Country and Golf Club is where Veteran Professional Chuck Corgeon helped her forge the sound, simple strokes that wear so well under tournament pressure. Before the final match she confessed almost apologetically: "It's terrible to want something as badly as I want this. But this is my home. I'm here, with my husband, my friends, my mother

and my father. They're all here watching. I want so desperately to win."

Mrs. Decker (her husband Jay is a dentist, who confidently canceled all his Saturday appointments) never had to go beyond the 16th hole to win a match. In consecutive rounds she defeated 16-year-old Judy Torheim 5 and 3 at even par. She ended her match with Sharon Fladon on the 16th, 4 and 2, one under; defeated Judy Rand of Aurora, Ohio, the 1961 Ohio state champion, 6 and 5, four under; beat out former Curtis Cupper Polly Riley 3 and 2, one under; defeated Mrs. Ruth Miller, the California state champion, 5 and 3, even par; then decisively entered the

finals with a 5 and 4, three-under-par victory over Mrs. Guiney Wilson Jr. of Louisville.

Such was Anne Quast Decker's orderly march to the finals. But on other greens and fairways things were happening in quite a disorderly, unpredictable way. To begin with, 17-year-old Mary Lowell, who won the Girls' Junior tournament in Seattle the week before, eliminated the legitimate favorite, JoAnne Gunderson, on the 19th hole of the second round.

But the real catalyst turned out to be a mere child of 14, Roberta Albers of Temple Terrace, Fla. Roberta's first two victories, 5 and 4 over Oregon's Pat Dwyer and 4 and 3 over Mrs. Henry Hulscher of Roy, Wash., earned her some tolerant smiles and a few figurative pats on the head. Wednesday morning's third round saw Roberta facing the seasoned skills of Judy Eller, Tennessee's two-time Southern Amateur Champion and a member of last year's Curtis Cup team. Shortly before tee-off, Roberta's father, Tom Albers, who has coached his daughter since she was 9, leaned over and whispered: "Don't worry, honey. No one expects you to beat Miss Eller but you and me."

Roberta stanned gallery and competitors alike by trouncing Miss Eller 5 and 3. By Wednesday evening, after the youngster had beaten Mary Patton Jensen, an experienced tournament competitor, by 5 and 4, it became clear that Miss Albers was hardly a precocious child pushing her destiny. She had, so the record showed, participated in 35 tournaments and had won five National Pee Wee titles. Her swing was classically simple, her strategy was sound and imaginative. Moreover, she seemed oblivious to the ever-increasing pressure that already had sent some experienced shooters to the sidelines. "She hasn't missed enough shots to know how easy it is," said Mary Patton Jensen. By this time even Anne Quast Decker was troubled by the unpleasant prospect of playing a 14-year-old for the Women's Amateur title.

Clearly, the psychological handicap of playing against an extraordinarily gifted child was enough to cause an older com-



ROBERTA ALBERS, a determined 14-year-old sophomore, stunned both gallery and her competitor by reaching the second round.

petitor to come unglued. "All she has to think about is her golf and her stomach," observed one of Roberta's victims. "She hasn't got a worry in the world." But Roberta did worry a little. She worried because "I'm tryin' out for the yell team at school and I already missed a week's practice." She also hoped she could visit Mt. Rainier, because she'd never touched snow in her life. In such an atmosphere the tournament neared its illogical climax: on Thursday, the stocky little youngster, who will register as a high school sophomore in a few days, whipped Kansas City's Karen Schall, the 1960 Missouri state champion and the 1961 National Collegiate runner-up. The margin was 7 and 5. Roberta shot one under par to gain the semifinals.

On Friday the unhappy task of playing against Roberta Albers fell to slight, blonde, 22-year-old Phyllis (Tish) Preuss, who had played her way to the semifinals in comparative ease. Miss Preuss decided to forget her young opponent. Instead, she wisely concentrated on playing the oldest and toughest antagonist in golf—par. Miss Preuss kept the longer-hitting youngster even for nine, took a 1-up advantage at the 11th, then brought adulthood back in style with a 2 and 1 victory on the 17th.

Facing Mrs. Decker in the semifinals was Louise Wilson, wife of a Louisville contractor. "For all I know," said Mrs. Wilson the day of the match, "my husband might be on his way out here. But I told him, 'You'd better wait till tomorrow—I'm playing Anne Decker.'"

Once again Mrs. Decker took command early, scoring a birdie on the 456-yard par-5 second hole. Mrs. Wilson, who has something less than a classic swing but makes it hold up remarkably well, lost the third by three-pulling as Mrs. Decker went down with a routine par. Anne birdied the fourth for a 3-up advantage, then uncorked one of the tournament's memorable shots on the 589-yard par-5 5th. It was a four-wood that stopped just one foot short of the hole for another birdie and a 4-up margin. The end came on the 14th, when Mrs. Decker dropped a seven-foot putt for par and halved the hole.

The final day, Sunday, turned up wet and heavy. The Tacoma fairways, narrow and treacherous, lined with tall firs and spreading oaks, are difficult for the most seasoned all-weather player. But for a golfer like Phyllis Preuss, who plays a hit-and-roll game, the soaked fairways



HOMETOWN GIRL, ANNE QUAST DECKER, HOLDS SILVER CUP SHE WON SO EASILY

were disastrous. She was consistently unable to lift her second shots for distance, while Mrs. Decker, a veteran of the country and the course, continued to get yardage from all lies. She drove well and chipped to the green with almost eerie consistency.

Anne was 6-up at the end of nine, 12 up at the end of 18, and by then it was just a matter of time and holes—the afternoon round was a mere formality, ending at 3 o'clock on the 23rd hole, 14 and 13—which broke a 33-year-old

record. The previous mark for a lopsided Women's Amateur final dates back to 1928, when Glenna Collett defeated Virginia Van Wie 13 and 12 at Hot Springs, Va. "Frankly, it's not a record I wanted to set," said Mrs. Decker. "I think I was pulling harder than anyone for some of her putts to drop late in the match." She paused a moment, then flashed a smile. "You know, I really don't have a nerve in my body. Why, last night, I slept five whole hours. I only slept one the last time I made the finals." **END**



Carry Back Comes Back



After seeing Carry Back injured in the Belmont Stakes, pessimists predicted an end to the exciting career of the come-from-behind Kentucky Derby winner. But last week Carry Back (far left) proved them wrong in brilliant fashion at Atlantic City. Carrying top weight against older

horses, he span over a sticky track to win with his trademark late rush. Barring further mishaps, Carry Back will try in October to become the first American-bred horse to win France's Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, just about the world's most important international horse race.



The Fitful Winds of Alcatraz

Photographs by Edna J. E. Ebb

There is apt symbolism in the sight of Alcatraz — "The Rock" — as backdrop for a swamped sailboat: they are both, in a sense, monuments to the folly of man. A sailboat isn't a trolley car, but it shouldn't tip over in moderate weather unless — as both sailors and convicts frequently mutter about their misfortunes — somebody goofed, or there were circumstances beyond control. Last week on San Francisco Bay, Keith Buck's 30-foot sloop capsized when a gust of wind hit her sails during a jibe. At left: the crew of three men and a woman bob sheepishly about, unharmed except for their pride, awaiting the Coast Guard launch. Below: Buck secures the tow before the long, chastening ride to the mooning, where the yacht and its occupants dried themselves out.



BIRTH OF A VERY SOLVENT BABY

No team in professional sport ever got off to a more auspicious start than the Minnesota Vikings, who will play their first football game this month with 27,000 season tickets already sold

by **TEX MAULE**

For many years Minneapolis and St. Paul lived together somewhat fretfully, separated partially by the upper reaches of the Mississippi but more completely by a sort of sisterly jealousy. With the advent of major league baseball in 1961 the Twin Cities concluded an uneasy peace, like two feuding maiden aunts drawn together in admiration of a first nephew.

Now another sports baby—the pro football Vikings—has appeared, and it seems likely to convert the Twin Cities to lasting friendship. Indeed, the two cities have joined so enthusiastically in

support of the Vikings that the club will open its first National Football League season with an unprecedented 27,000 season tickets sold for eight home games—seven league and one exhibition. At \$40 per set of tickets, this represents something over \$1 million already in the bank.

The extraordinary prosperity of the Vikings' birth did not, of course, come about by accident. It happened as the result of a carefully planned, well-thought-out program which could stand as a model for promoters of the future. The man responsible is Bill Boyer, a big and

dynamic person who is now president of the Vikings and the owner of two automobile agencies in Minneapolis. The son of a lumberjack, Boyer never attended college, but he has an old grad's enthusiasm for football and sports in general.

"We formed a major league sports committee about 10 years ago," Boyer says. "We hired a market research firm in Chicago to find out for us what we could expect to draw in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area with a major league baseball club."

The market research report showed that a major league club could expect to draw some 770,000 people in 1955, the figure increasing to well over a million by 1965, the 10-year period covered in the report. It erred on the conservative side. The Minneapolis Twins, in this projection, should have drawn about one million people this year—but if their home attendance continues for the rest of the season at its present pace, the attendance will be nearly 1,500,000.

"The whole thing was based on baseball at first," Boyer says, "and on the strength of that report alone we decided to build a stadium and woo one of the existing clubs to move here."

The stadium was completed in 1956

continued

AT DENNIS CAMP THE VIKINGS' SEASONED PROS AND EXCELLENT ROOKIES LOOK ON AS FRAN TARKENTON HANDS OFF IN DRILL





GANGWAY!

Here comes the Ford that put magic into motion. Beautiful. Cobra-quick. It deserves respect—and gets it. The men who gave it its Thunderbird thrust are the men who wrote the book on V-8's... and this is the latest (and greatest) chapter—with a dramatic 390 cubic inches for the punch line! See your Ford Dealer. Test drive it. Treat it tough. Or tender. Either way, it answers with a thrill!

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FORD V-8



Photo: J. M. Smith/Photo-Rand

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On a ski slope, a clammy jacket can cramp your style. That's why this parka makes such sense. The rich pile face is made of Acrilan® great anywhere outdoors because it's chemically unable to absorb much water. What's more, it's good and light. By Campus Sportswear of Glenoid pile with a face of 100% Acrilan acrylic fiber. White recesses is black poplin. Also: beige, sweater with matching poplin. 34-46. The Chemstrand Corporation, New York 1, makes Acrilan® acrylic fiber. This cold-weather parka is by Campus Sportswear.



and is strategically located in Bloomington, the apex of a triangle with St. Paul and Minneapolis on the other corners. It is also strategically located in Minnesota, which is to say, in the heart of football country. During the last 19 years, the University of Minnesota has averaged almost 50,000 at each home game, and this despite the fact that only once during that time were the Golden Gophers the Big Ten champions.

It was only natural that Boyer and his four associates, in looking around for a way to fill the stadium when baseball wasn't in season, should turn to pro football. A successful franchise would pad out the baseball rest and help pay off the bond issues. Boyer's group first tried to lure the Chicago Cardinals from their uncomfortable juxtaposition to the Chicago Bears but failed. When the new American Football League was formed two years ago, Boyer and his friends showed a great deal of interest.

"It would have given us a pro club," Boyer says. "But we really wanted an NFL franchise. When we heard from George Halas of the NFL expansion committee that one might be available, we hesitated before committing ourselves absolutely to the new league."

This hesitation proved to be a thinking man's falter. In January of 1960 the NFL granted Minnesota a franchise, to become operative in the 1961 season. The long time lag between the granting of the franchise and the actual fielding of a team was another bonus. It allowed Boyer and his associates to move as carefully and methodically in the organization of the team as they had originally in the development of the Twin Cities major league baseball territory.

The five owners included three from Minneapolis (Boyer; H. P. Skoglund, president and principal stockholder of the North American Life and Casualty Co.; and Max Winter, a Minneapolis sports entrepreneur who formerly owned the basketball Lakers), one from St. Paul (Bernie Rudder Jr., publisher of the St. Paul evening Dispatch and morning Pioneer Press among other newspapers), and one from Duluth (Olaf Haavard, a wholesale candy and tobacco dealer who, incidentally, once owned the Duluth Eskimos in the old NFL).

Upon acquiring their franchise, Boyer and company, who were now the Vikings, moved logically to implement it. Their first employee was Joe Thomas, a

football-wise former assistant coach for the Los Angeles Rams. He was hired in April of 1960 at the suggestion of NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle to do two things: first to scout college talent so that the Vikings would go into their first NFL draft meeting well prepared to make an intelligent selection of available college seniors; second, to scout the NFL itself so that the Vikings would be certain to pick the best of the players made available to them from the rest of the teams in the league.

Thomas did a good job; so good, in fact, that the Vikings will begin their

group-owned team in the Rams—and in their case it was a group of five owners split by an unbridgeable schism. Diplomacy came as naturally to Rose as breathing.

"We turned the whole thing over to Bert," Boyer says. "Even now, I only spend about an hour a day on Viking business. We want to be informed. We leave all the decisions up to Bert and to Coach Norm Van Brocklin."

Rose, who had despaired of ever becoming the Rams' general manager, took over the Viking job with a sure hand and a ready imagination. He sat



COACH VAN BROCKLIN, AT DESK AFTER PRACTICE, IS RELAXED AND OPTIMISTIC

maiden season in the NFL roughly 30% stronger than the Dallas Cowboys, who rushed into existence in the too-short space of six months and without the benefit of a player draft of college seniors.

Next in the order of business was the employment of a knowledgeable general manager. After considerable research, and after listening to an almost unanimous recommendation from the NFL club owners, the Vikings settled on Bert Rose Jr. Rose, who was at the time the publicity director for the Los Angeles Rams, fitted everybody's specifications neatly. He was—and is—an intense, intelligent man with a thorough background in pro football. Perhaps more important, he had worked for the most promotion-minded club in the NFL. As a side benefit, he had also worked for a

down and listed on a yellow, legal-size notepad the things he had to do. By last week the list had grown to 147 items, most of them completed and crossed off. No. 83 on the list, for instance, was a cryptic note: "Chain-gang uniforms." This was a reminder to Rose that he had to find early-issued shirts for the officials who would man the first-down chains.

The most pressing immediate problem, and first on Rose's list, was the sale of 25,000 season tickets, a prerequisite for admission to the National Football League. Rose opened his season-ticket campaign just seven weeks after he was hired. By December 1 he had sold 19,000 season tickets—a record for a new professional team in any sport.

"We had to get all of Minnesota working for us," Rose says. "We had a lunch-



MEL TRIPLETT IS TEAM'S LINE BACKER



GEORGE SHAW IS A PROVED PRO PASSER

con in Minneapolis September 27, with about a thousand people there. We had another one in St. Paul the next day and a third in Duluth the day after." •

But far more important than the luncheons was the Minneapolis Minnate Men, whom Rose recruited as salesmen. A group of 25 or 30 young Minneapolis businessmen who are dedicated to the growth and improvement of the city, the Minnate Men originally organized to sell bonds for the construction of the stadium. They were divided for the ticket-selling campaign into 13 teams, named for the other 13 clubs in the NFL, and they proved as successful with the tickets as with the bonds.

From September to April 8, 1961, the Minnate Men sold 5,000 season tickets. To honor them, the Vikings threw a banquet and presented a prize to the team which had sold the most season tickets. Ironically enough, this team was named the Dallas Cowboys; their name makes in the NFL a year before had set what is probably an all-time low in the sale of season tickets.

There were no Minnate Men in St. Paul, so Rose developed another plan for this city. December 6, 1960 was designated as Blitz Day; between 100 and 150 young business executives of the staid old city met for breakfast that morning at 7, then fanned out to devote the whole day to selling Viking tickets. By the time they returned to their meeting hall for a beer bust and buffet dinner at 6 in the evening, they had disposed of another 2,000 season tickets.

"It's an easy sell," one of the blitzers admitted later. "The people here don't like to plunk down \$234—the cost of a baseball season ticket—but they don't mind \$40 for a football ticket. Especially since lots of them have been squeezed out of the University of Minnesota home games."

With season-ticket sales in the Twin Cities well in hand, Rose turned his attention to state sales. Again he called upon the Minnate Men. This time he organized six crews and laid out 12 routes that involved 22,000 miles of driving. Each crew left Minneapolis early one morning, drove out for the day, spent the night near the state border, then returned by another route the following day. The crews stopped in some 90 cities in the state, giving the Viking sales pitch to Chamber of Commerce and Service club meetings.

"They sold 500 or 600 season tickets," Rose says, still somewhat awed by his own success. "On the trips, that is. But we began getting a flood of mail orders from outside after they got back, and they haven't stopped coming yet."

While he worked on the season-ticket sales, Rose considered a long list of possible head coaches—the second item on his list. He arrived finally at Nonnus Van Brocklin, who had just led the Philadelphia Eagles to a world championship as a quarterback. It required courage for Rose to name the Dutchman as head coach—although he was regarded as



HUGH MULKEN, AT 35, IS STILL FAST

probably the best quarterback in pro ball, Van Brocklin had never coached so much as a high school team. More, or perhaps less than that, he was regarded by some experts as too hot-tempered to take the vicissitudes of major league coaching in stride.

"I wasn't worried," Rose says. "I know Van from the Rams. I figured he'd work out."

So far, he has. Although the Vikings lost their first three exhibition games, Van Brocklin accepted adversity philosophically. "As soon as some of these guys get rid of their beer tummers," he said, "we'll be O.K."

Rose and Van Brocklin chose Bemidji, a resort town in northern Minnesota, as their training site, and it has turned out to be ideal. Not only are the facilities (dormitories and practice fields of Bemidji State College) more than adequate,

the town itself offers commendably little distraction to the players. Basketball is the big sport in Bernsjö; after looking the place over, Van Brocklin said: "Couldn't be better. This is the only town I ever saw where the definition of a juvenile delinquent is a kid who can't hit eight out of 10 from the free-throw line."

Because of the owners' foresight in hiring a talent scout before they took on anybody else, Van Brocklin has exceptionally good players to work with. Even before last year's player draft began, Rose worked out a trade with the New York Giants in which the Vikings gave away a future first-draft choice for

mediate holes," Rose says. "We want to look ahead to about three years from now. We'll need the young ones to replace them then."

Rose and Van Brocklin cuffed a choice crop of veterans from the players who had been pooled for them by the other teams in the league. To go with Shaw in the offensive backfield, they chose Hugh McElhenny, still sprightly and dangerous at 32, from the San Francisco 49ers, and later they traded with the New York Giants for Mel Triplett, a strong blocker and a fine runner. With Mason, the Vikings have a truly remarkable backfield for a new team.

The lines—offensive and defensive—are, for the most part, elderly but good. The team has soft spots in the defensive backfield, and it could use more offensive ends, but some of these weaknesses may be repaired as the other teams in the NFL begin cutting players to get down to the season limit.

Van Brocklin's assistants are youthful but quite capable men. In Harry Gilmer, obtained from the Pittsburgh Steelers, he has one of the best young minds in pro football. Gilmer coaches the all-important defensive backfield. Line Coach Stan West is an ex-teamsmate of Van Brocklin's from the Rams and a fine morale builder; Walt Yowarsky, who coaches the offensive line, came from one of the toughest offensive lines in football, the New York Giants. And End Coach Darrel Brewster brings with him the methods that have helped make Paul Brown's Cleveland Browns consistently one of the best passing teams in football.

Aside from its youth, Van Brocklin's staff has in overflowing measure the one quality they will need most this year—optimism. "I figure we can win four or five games this year," one of them said the other day (the schedule calls for 14). "The Cowboys maybe twice, the Bears once, the Rams once, and then we sneak up on someone."

Rose, older, sadder and, as an ex-Ram man more accustomed to defeat, does not commit himself to guessing how many the Vikings may win. Concerned with more immediate problems, he checked off No. 147 on his list of things to do the other day. ("Notify victor of program-ad-sales award" which means let the Minute Man who sold the most program ads know he has won.)

"I don't know," he said cautiously. "We win four, I'll be happy. So will everyone else."

END



DAN JOYCE LENDS EXPERIENCE TO LINE

George Shaw, who had spent a peculiarly frustrated pro career as a stand-in, first for Johnny Unitas of the Colts, then for Charlie Conerly of the Giants. Thus freed from the paramount necessity of drafting a quarterback, the Vikings were able to select Halfback Tom Mason of Tulane as their first-draft choice. Mason would have been the first man picked by most of the teams in the NFL.

The Vikings' second pick was Rip Hawkins, who will be a powerful line-backer in time and the key to their defense. They got backing for Shaw on their third choice in Fran Tarkenton, a quarterback from Georgia, then surprised the draft meeting by selecting a future (a player with another year of college eligibility) on their fourth round.

"We figured when we picked the old players made available to us from the rest of the league, we'd plug the im-



TOM MASON WAS NO. 1 DRAFT CHOICE

FRAN TARKENTON WILL BACK UP SHAW



by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

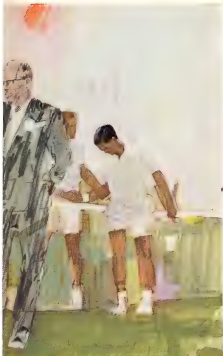
Strategy, Strokes and Style

In the classic eyes-right, eyes-left newsreel sequence, a tennis gallery seems to be viewing a game as monotonous as a metronome. Actually, tournament play provides a constantly changing spectrum of style, stroke and strategy. In these pages an expert who analyzes the game as skillfully as he once played it tells what to look for when the best amateurs of the U.S. and Australia compete at Forest Hills.

Of all the top amateurs playing tennis today, the most interesting on the court is probably the least imposing of it. This year's Wimbledon winner, Rod Laver (sketched at right in a typical flurry of forehand action), is a scrawny, bowlegged and freckle-faced five feet eight inches of taut muscle topped by a mop of carrot hair who for sheer attraction at court-side would have to give way to almost any presentable ball boy. But once in action, this young racket wizard from Queensland unleashes a combination of speed and technical brilliance unmatched in amateur circles. Laver's big weapon is a sizzling service that is doubly difficult to handle since it comes off the left side. Laver sends it over the net with cannonlike force, and he can vary its kick and spin with such cunning that receivers find him almost impossible to break. And to back up his serve Rod Laver has a resourceful repertoire of

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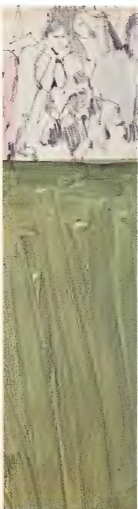
STROKES AND STYLE *continued*

forehand and backhand drives, all controlled by a lightning-fast wrist action.

Laver, the virtuoso, is almost the exact opposite of his fellow Aussie, Roy Emerson (above), who has no outstanding strengths but who has also no outstanding weakness. Modest and solid, Roy is a player who can be beaten only by someone who matches his unremitting competence with unrelenting brilliance.

Whether the two young Americans, Dennis Ralston (shown at right in a characteristic straight-arm serve) and Chuck McKinley,

continued







his Davis Cup teammate, can achieve the brilliance to match Laver's virtuosity or the stamina to match Emerson's endurance is one of Forest Hills' most interesting questions. These two exuberant youngsters have toned down a little since U.S.E.T.A. officials put them both on probation for the 1961 season for misbehaving here and abroad, but both are still young, both have a long way to go and both are still subject to adolescent temperament.

Dennis (the Menace) Ralston is a graceful stylist to whom topflight tennis comes almost too easily. He strokes the ball with a minimum of effort, bringing the racket back on his forehand with a short, circular motion that enables him to disguise the speed he actually puts on the ball. At times Ralston looks as though he could beat anyone, and if he could match his natural ability with a comparable ambition, he would undoubtedly be a great champion. But Dennis, who has often been reproached for seeming to quit when things turn against him, can go down in defeat before the clumsiest second-rater. Or he can beat himself with annoying outbursts of temper and truculence. In the recent Davis Cup American Zone finals in Cleveland, he kicked his racket, swore loudly and managed to turn both the crowd and Nonplaying Captain David L. Freed firmly against him.

Chuck McKinley (shown at left under the characteristically stern gaze of an athlete) is also frequently in trouble for showing too much spirit. Despite the fact that he lost out to the Australian master at Wimbledon in straight sets, McKinley, who charmed the English but outraged the Italians with his antics, is the U.S. amateur best equipped to rook Laver's brilliant rhythm. To beat Rod, however, Chuck's temper would have to be under complete control and his strokes in perfect working order. More than any other player today, McKinley is an aggressive, go-for-broke competitor. A well-conditioned Trinity University (Texas) sophomore, he plays tennis with a gusto found more frequently on football and soccer fields than on well-mannered country club courts. He doesn't know what it is to be cautious or to play the percentages. Like a boxer who keeps throwing haymakers right up from the floor, he hits every ball as if he were trying to knock it clean out of its fuzzy cover. Since he lacks the form and grace that distinguish most top tennis players, Chuck, a stocky 5 foot 8 and 160 pounds, tries to make up the deficit by sheer drive and power. He has amazing speed, which enables him to make the sensational saves that have become his trademark, but the sheer momentum of his onslaughts often works as heavily against him as it does for him.

Fighting every minute, McKinley leaps about the court like an angered rhino, charging, plunging, falling, skidding, hanging away at every oncoming shot with all his might but completely unable to change course once he is under way. He is capable of beating any amateur in the world on a day when all his thunderbolts are striking home, but for this uninhibited youngster that would be a rare day indeed. Unfortunately, as Chuck discovered at Wimbledon, Rod Laver has just the kind of dexterity to turn aside his furious charges, for, with the tiniest flick of his wrist, changing the direction of spin of

his shots at the very last moment, Laver can catch most opponents off balance.

From the point of view of anyone wishing to study the fine points of tennis, Rod Laver's wrist action, which is analyzed in the drawings on this page, is one of the most interesting mechanisms in the game. Strong, fast, flexible and thoroughly disciplined, Rod's wrist is the gyrocontrol by which he keeps himself constantly on course. Usually Rod



hits his forehand and backhand drives with a topspin, but by a unique ability to rest his wrist in midstroke just before contact with the ball he can hit the ball flat, give it topspin or impart a low-bouncing underspin. Time after time, Laver is thus able to wait until his opponent is committed to a certain defensive attitude and then catch him completely off base with the shot that is least expected. It is a trick that makes Laver the most formidable player in the amateur field today, and one worth watching anytime. **END**

OUTS AND INS OF THE DOUBLE PLAY

With their split-second timing, complicated tactics and tricks that amount to outright fraud, fine infielders display rare finesse at baseball's best maneuver

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

The preoccupation of baseball fans from New York to Los Angeles this year has been the untouchable ball; the one that Muris, Mantle and other muscular men have been hitting over the heads of opposing players and far into the grandstands. But by keeping their eyes in the sky, many spectators have missed spectacular performances by another group of baseball masters whose virtue rests in how quickly and deftly they handle batted balls that can be touched. These are the experts at the double play and, like the home run hitters, they have never been better.

The Yankees, for example, have a second baseman with five different pivots, and the Dodgers one with a unique sidarm throw. The Cardinals own a third baseman who saves a split second by not taking a nap. The Indians boast of a first baseman who uses a daring back-hand pickup.

Excellent infielders such as these have enabled major league teams to average 150 double plays a season. They are the efficiency experts of baseball. No time-study engineer counts fractions of seconds more carefully or works harder at saving them, for a tenth of a second is often the difference between success and failure in a double play. Most double plays take between 3.5 and 4.5 seconds. Anything slower is likely to fail—a very fast base runner like Mickey Mantle can reach first base in 3.3 seconds; a very slow one needs only 5 seconds. The necessity for precision can be fully appreciated when viewed in terms of how close the decision often is at first base on a ground ball when no double play is involved.

The most common double play goes from short to second to first. This is so because most batters (62%, or 194 major leaguers who can be considered regulars) are right-handed and tend to hit to the left side. This is the way it is done by the Yankees, who have led the Amer-





Top: Kubek

ican League in double plays four out of the last six years: Shootstop Tony Kubek first tries to get squarely in front of the ball. He holds his glove midway between his feet, which are set wide apart. This stance gives him maximum balance and sets him for a quick step toward second as he throws sideways. Using the sideways throw enables Kubek to get rid of the ball more quickly than if he brought his arm up for an overhand throw.

Kubek's throw goes to Second Baseman Bobby Richardson. He uses any of five pivots for his relay to first. His choice, as with all pivot men, depends upon where and how sharply the ball is hit, how quickly and hard the runner arrives, where Kubek's throw is and the speed of the man going to first. Whenever possible, Richardson takes the "feed" while straddling second base and facing Kubek. Few second basemen straddle the bag these days, but that is how those in the Yankee organization are taught.

Of his five pivots, Richardson has one favorite. He straddles the bag to take a chest-high throw from Kubek. As he pivots, Richardson steps toward first with his left foot. He drags his right foot over the left-field side of the base and throws to Bill Skowron at first.

Skowron, like all first basemen on this play, has one main job—to catch the relay. He must be able to adjust his footing swiftly, however, for there are more poor throws on the double play than on conventional one-out plays.

Richardson's fastest pivot is also his most spectacular. His right foot touches the bag as he reaches the base. He executes an acrobatic leap, pushing off with his right foot, and makes his relay with a quick, mid-air flip. This leap helps him to elude the incoming runner, but the very speed of the play increases the danger of his making a poor relay.

If a runner comes in hard and on the outfield side of second, Richardson crosses to the infield side of the bag. He hits the base with his left foot and steps about a yard toward the infield with his right foot, then braces with it to throw.

Should the runner come in on the mound side, Richardson steps on second with his left foot. By pushing off the base with his left foot and backing up a step toward the outfield, he gets out of the runner's way. He steps toward first for added speed as he throws.

To catch a feed on the outfield side of the base or to

continued

CLASSIC DOUBLE PLAY is executed by the Yankees as they turn a Detroit hit-and-run attempt into two quick outs. At top: Dick Brown has ground ball to Shootstop Tony Kubek. Runner Steve Blass, who started with the pack, is well on his way to second. Time-saving sideways throw by Kubek forces Blass, who leaves first (lower) trying to upset Second Baseman Bobby Richardson with slide. Ending Blass by pushing backward off base with left foot, Richardson gets throw away to double up Brewer.

avoid a runner coming straight in, Richardson quickly shifts from his straddle position. He drags his left foot over the bag as he takes a hop-step to his right and moves behind second. He then braces with his right foot, steps out with his left and relays to first.

The most most common double play is from second to short to first. National Leaguers feel Second Baseman Charlie Neal of the Los Angeles Dodgers is the best at this play. Certainly nobody starts it quicker. Neal believes that a slight innovation he made in his fielding style in 1952 saves much time. On balls hit to the right, almost all second basemen run in an arc toward the ball. That is, they run back and to the right so they can then come in on the ball field it squarely, turn toward second and throw. "I go after the ball on a straight line," Neal says. "That way my body is already turned toward second when I pick up the ball. The other way you are facing home and have to turn to make the throw. But I can throw sideways to second without making a step toward the base." This conserves a fraction of a second and helps explain why the Dodgers have been consistently at or near the top of the National League on double plays in recent years.

Shortstop Mazy Wills likes to take Neal's throw as he crosses the bag, or even an instant before. A shortstop has an easier relay to make than the second baseman, because he is already moving toward first base when he catches the throw from the second baseman. Ideally, Neal's throw is lower-high and on the corner-field side of second. "This puts the ball right in throwing position," Wills says. "A good feed is the most important part of the double play because there are a lot of things to consider in a short time. You always want the feed in the same spot. That way you don't have to do any extra thinking or adjusting."

As soon as the ball is hit along the ground, First Baseman Norm Larker moves to the bag. "I face second and keep my heels against the side of the bag," Larker says. "I don't hold my glove up for a target—the guy throwing knows where the base is."

One of the most exciting double plays is from third to second to first. There is

nothing slow about any double play, but the two long throws in this one heighten the suspense. Added to this is the fact that any ball that a third baseman can convert into a double play must have been hit hard, demanding some fast fielding by the infielder. John McGraw once said, "A third baseman does less thinking than anyone in the game—he doesn't have time."

Ken Boyer, the very quick third baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals, does his thinking in advance. "Coaches teach you to take a step toward second as you throw, but I don't do that any more," Boyer says. "I just whip the ball across



LIGHT-FOOTED Infielder Vic Power says he does "clacha-cha" stepping back to first on double plays.

my body toward second. You don't have time to step and aim. I throw for the bag, but I try to make the throw so the second baseman can see the ball coming out of my hand. It's a lot easier if he can pick up the flight of the ball from the start." For three of the past five years Boyer has led all major league third basemen in double plays.

Cardinal Second Baseman Jukein Jukein gets a fast start toward the bag as soon as the ball is hit to Boyer. To slow down so he will be balanced for the feed and relay, he uses the short, choppy steps that most pivot men employ as they approach second. Jukein likes Boyer's throw chest-high and on the first-base side of second. He touches the bag with his left foot as he catches the ball and makes his relay throw to first with a sidearm motion.

The most difficult of the four types of

standard infield double plays—first to short to first—involves the fewest men. The main role is that of the first baseman. He must field the ball, throw to the shortstop at second and get back to first base to take the return toss. Vic Power of the Cleveland Indians has few peers, now or ever, in working this play. Jimmie Dykes, Cleveland manager, recently paid Power what he considered the supreme tribute by saying, "He's as good as Siedler ever was, and I've seen them both play."

Like most double-play experts, Power is deceptively skillful. He, too, has his own style. Instead of facing home and catching the ball between his legs in the prescribed manner, he hark-backs it. As he does this his right foot is pointed toward second. This sets him for his throw to Shortstop Woodie Held. Power pivots a little more on the ball of his right foot as he brings his arm back for a strong overhand throw. In this way he blends into a single smooth, fast motion what most first basemen use two or three time-consuming moves to achieve.

"Then I peek over the right shoulder as I finish throw and I find out where first base is," the Puerto-Rican-born Power says. "I don't turn the head all the way. I keep the eyes on the ball and I make quick steps to the back until I get to the base. I lucky maybe, but I never miss the bag yet."

When Lou Gehrig started playing first for the Yankees he was more awkward than able. In trying to maintain the rhythm needed for executing this play the great Gehrig used to say to himself, "Wait, wait, wait."

"Rhythm very important," Power agrees. "Can't be jerky, but me na wait. I cha-clacha-cha."

Since a double play is so rewarding, infielders combine both subtle tactics and outright fraud to insure success. (The players themselves openly call these maneuvers "cheating.") Anticipating where a particular batter is most likely to hit the ball, they will move in a few steps toward home and sometimes toward second base so they can field the ball sooner or be in position earlier for the pivot. These minute shifts must be made deftly, however, for sharp-eyed hitters like Harvey Kuenn and Nellie Fox can detect and exploit them. By moving in, infielders cut down their fielding range, and the Kuenns and Foxes can poke the ball

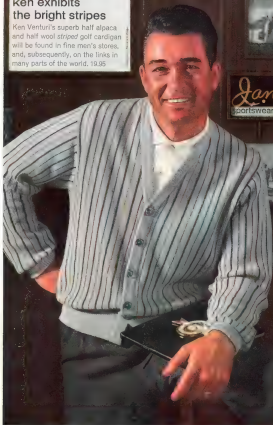
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through the enlarged holes in the infield.

An even more valuable timesaver occurs when pivot men and first basemen, in their haste to complete a play, do not touch the bag while in possession of the ball. This is the controversial "automatic out." One major league manager (Jerome Dykes) recently estimated that 30% to 40% of the time the infielder does not have the ball when he touches the base.

"Sure I pull my foot," Norm Larker admits. "When a play is close you have to cheat a little, but you gotta be sure of your timing. If you do it all the time the umpire gets used to seeing it, and that way it isn't so noticeable when you really need to do it."

Many umpires make their decision at first base by listening to the ball hit the glove while watching the runner's foot touch the bag. This is why a few first basemen slip their glove at the throw, creating a louder sound when they catch the ball. Power feels this effort to fool the umpire is not worth the risk involved. "Some, they hit at the ball, I don't like—might make error. When is close play I yell 'yaa, yaa' and I make the umpire think my way. Range [Umpire Ed] say once, 'Vic, you got me calling play your way.' It good."

Yet action at first base is not as brainy as it is at second, where runners rumble in intent upon breaking up the double play and, if need be, the pivot man too. Wells warns up the pivot man's problem this way: "That runner comes into second with blood in his eyes, and you have to get out of the way. If you miss the bag when you have the ball it's only by a tenth of a second. The umpire knows that if you had in you could have slowed down and made the play perfectly. He also knows the danger this is to you. The umpire usually gives you the out to protect you. Take Frank Robinson of Cincinnati. He always comes in hard. On men like this, Charlie and I take the throw from behind the bag a lot. That way they can't get you when they slide in."

Leo Durocher, who played in 1,637 games as a major league infielder, cites a rule interpretation that helped pivot men. "The runner coming into second used to be allowed to slide any way he wanted. They used to go halfway out to right field to get you. Now they have to be able to touch the bag with a hand or foot when they slide. When they came in



RUNNER FOULE DOUBLE PLAY AS GOGGERS' NEAL (12) FALLS AND WELLS LOOKS BALL

at me I used to throw the ball at them right here," Durocher says, putting his right index finger on the bridge of his nose.

A change in the relay throw from second also has been significant. Oldtime pivot men often missed double plays unless the feed from the infielder was just where they wanted it. If the ball was too high or low or off to one side, the pivot man used to bring his arm and the ball all the way back from this position to his preferred throwing spot before relaying to first. Most pivot men now eliminate this time-consuming process. Richardson, Willi, Javier and Held all throw from wherever they get the ball.

Speaking of Javier, Boyer says, "He got a throw early this season that was around his knees, but he made the relay throw from down there and got the runner at first."

The Pirates' new play

Nor are refinements in this most meaningful of all baseball plays about to end. It is one of the wonders of the game that just when it seems a play could hardly be performed better or differently

somebody finds a dashing new way. One day last season the Pittsburgh Pirates were in trouble in the seventh inning of a 2-2 game with St. Louis. There were Cardinal runners on first and second and none out. Joe Cunningham was the batter, and the Pirates suspected he would bunt. He did. Don Hoak dashed in from third and Dick Stuart from first as the pitch was thrown. Hoak fielded the ball and threw to Shortstop Dick Groat who, instead of covering second as he usually would, had made the long run over to cover third base. One out. Groat then relayed across the diamond to Second Baseman Bill Mazeroski, who was covering first base. Double play. It stopped a possible rally, and Pittsburgh went on to win the game 3-2 in the 11th inning. The Pirates had practiced this play extensively and were convinced it would work in a game, in spite of the risks in having their whole infield break with the pitch, thus leaving huge areas uncovered. The result: two quick outs, an eventual 3-2 victory and a step toward a pennant—all thanks to a surprising innovation in one of baseball's oldest plays.

END

A lot of fine young Thoroughbreds

Jaipur, Sir Gaylord and Ridan are only three of the top young colts expected to make this fall's 2-year-old races among the best ever

This year's crop of 2-year-old Thoroughbreds had hardly stepped out of the barns before each section of the country was boasting that it had the potential 1962 Kentucky Derby winner right on the premises. Midwesterners were touting Ridan, a heavily muscled colt who goes after his seventh straight win Saturday. On the West Coast, C. V. Whitney's Rattle Dancer shapes up as the likeliest Derby contender. Easterners tagged Christopher Chenery's Sir Gaylord, winner of five in a row, as their own private choice, and installed him as a 3-5 favorite for last week's 5TH running of the Hopeful at Saratoga. Then the rains came, and the Spa's track turned into vegetable soup. Sir Gaylord was damped by George D. Widener's Jaipur, and horsemen were reminded once again that the 1961 2-year-old picture is full of vigor, excitement—and unpredictability.

The Hopeful marked the first time anywhere this year that the youngsters were asked to go six and a half furlongs. Before the race Owner Widener huddled in the walking ring with his elderly jockey, Eddie Arcaro. "Go to the front and stay there, Eddie," said the chairman of The Jockey Club in a voice that left little doubt that Jaipur was capable of climbing one of the infield flagpoles. "Let the others catch you this time."

Arcaro snugged his colt right in behind Su Ka Wa for the first part of the race, and the Hopeful turned out to be a contest between these two. Sir Gaylord, sixth at the start, moved up early to third, but that's where he stayed the rest of the trip. Arcaro, never more than two lengths off the lead, moved to Su Ka Wa with Jaipur on the turn for home and nailed him at the three-sixteenths

pole. Working his whip like a boy with a new toy, Eddie took no chances. "I put some fire on him on the way home," he joked afterwards. "I knew I had Su Ka Wa beat, but I was taking no chances on something coming up behind him to nail me on the wire."

He needs't have bothered. Jaipur won by six easy lengths, and the surprising Su Ka Wa hung on to finish another five lengths ahead of Sir Gaylord, who obviously disliked the footing and failed completely, as his rider Milo Valenzuela noted, "to give me the run we all know he is capable of." Jaipur turned in a clocking of 1:16.71, just two ticks off the track record.

It never hurts, as Mr. Widener now knows better than ever, to have a mudder ready to run in the fall, but in Jaipur this distinguished American racing leader may also have a colt of all-round ability. The Hopeful was his fourth start, and his only loss was at the hands of Cain Hey Stable's Battle Joined. "He really had no excuse in that defeat," says Trainer Bert Mulholland. "But remember, he was still a little green and maybe a little too smart."

Jaipur, by Nasrullah out of the Eight Thirty mare, Rare Perfume, is a picture horse. He stands 15 hands 3 inches, with powerful shoulders and superb conformation. Certainly he's the best home-bred colt owned by Widener since the days of Lucky Draw in the early '40s.

But Jaipur's victory in the step doesn't mean the end of the line for Sir Gaylord. The next time they meet on a fast track it will be a sight worth seeing. Sir Gaylord, at 16 hands even, is himself so well put together that Owner Chenery says, "If you had a handful of flesh you wouldn't know where to put it on him to

fill him out. He's bred for distance [Turn-out of a Princequillo mare], and instead of trying to take the lead from sprinters in his races thus far, we are thinking more in terms of the classic races, including—quite naturally—next season's Triple Crown events."

While Sir Gaylord and Jaipur are the East's standouts thus far, Battle Joined cannot be overlooked. He has, however, a couple of tricky knees and, as racing men know, gingly underpinnings can be crucial in a 2-year-old. Other eastern youngsters with names worth noting are Sunrise County, Joe Roebing's undefeated Rainy Lake, Steward, Clover Leaf, Gan Glory and Old World Charm, Alfred Vanderbilt's Roman gelding who won his first start by eight lengths.

But none of these names are likely to cause much of a stir among Midwest racing enthusiasts. Out at Arlington Park this week the fans thought they had the fastest 2-year-old in the world, and one reporter went so far as to proclaim the local hero the equal of Man o' War, a judgment which may be a trifle premature.

A perfect record

The colt in question is a tremendously rugged and handsome animal named Ridan. Although stuck with a name that sounds like some form of horse-brewed laxative, Ridan can show a record that is peerless. Never close to defeat, he is 6 for 6 and will be odd-on to rack up No. 7 in this Saturday's \$100,000 added Washington Park Futurity.

As big already as a mature 3-year-old, Ridan is a bay son of Nasrullah (himself a son of Nasrullah) and loves to run, off track or on. A terror to contain in the mornings (it has taken two exercise boys to cool him out), he's milder on his opposition in the afternoons. Although

Tommy Thompson

GRINNING IN GDD. Arcaro brings Jaipur back after speeding to victory in the Hopeful.



not owned by blue bloods with names like Widener or Cheney, Ridan is in thoroughly competent hands—and has been all his young life. His listed owner is Mrs. Moody Jolley, wife of the trainer for Calhorne Farm. The Jolleys bought Ridan for \$11,000 and turned him over to their 23-year-old son, LeRoy, to train.

The two young colts, Ridan and LeRoy, have worked well in sanders. In Ridan's last victory he caused some speculation by running in four handgates, and a few observers thought they noticed him bearing out in the stretch—usually a warning that something might be hurting. This week's Washington Park Futurity at Arlington should provide the answer to that. Oh, yes, about the name, Ridan. "Easy," says Moody Jolley, "He looked so much like Nadin, the colt I trained to win The Garden State in 1957, that we just named him that—only spelled backwards."

At California's Del Mar track this month the struggle for supremacy of the West Coast is going on. Rattle Dancer, the Whitney colt, will try to duplicate his Hollywood Juvenile Championship victory in the September 9 Del Mar Futurity, and a respectable showing would send this Native Dancer colt east to represent the Whitney stable (see page 50) in New York's Champagne Stakes and The Garden State. Also on the coast are such colts as Two Demand, Indian Blood, Private World and Donut King, and although none of them as yet looks like another Warfare or Torny Lee—or even a Four-and-Twenty—the next two months should tell.

On the whole, this crop of 2-year-olds, from Belmont to Del Mar, may be the best bunch since 1936, when such horses as Bold Ruler, Gallant Fox, Round Table, Gen. Duke and Iron Lies first began to flex their muscles in earnest. That year, however, only Bold Ruler was a standout as a 2-year-old, the others reaching a peak of performance at 3 and 4. This year there seems to be a high average of ability throughout the country, and the colts are running the way one would expect from their pedigrees.

Most importantly, there seems to be a return to the classical pattern of fall racing in which sectional champions are shipped east to see which one is the best of all. Such races as the Futurity, the Cowdin, the Champagne, The Garden State and the Pimlico Futurity will decide. It is good to see these decisions reached, not on paper, but on the race track.

END

'If you can't break the record, break the rod'

So said Duke Kahanamoku after a long, losing battle in
the Hawaiian International Billfish Tournament



On the afternoon of the third day of the five-day Hawaiian International Billfish Tournament, we left Kailua Harbor on the Kona coast of Hawaii aboard Kenny Brown's *Dorado*. We were seven: Brown, a Honolulu architect and a nephew of the celebrated Hawaiian golfer, Francis Brown; Jean, his wife; their daughters, Laura, 12, and Francis, 9; male Taisuo Nagasawa; Duke Kahanamoku, the venerated Olympic swimming champion who is as much a tourist attraction of Honolulu as Old Faithful is of Yellowstone; and myself. Brown's team, the Kawaihau Fishing Club, was at that point leading the tournament, Kenny having busted a 290-pound Pacific blue marlin the previous afternoon.

A man of extensive kindness and character, Brown is something of an anomaly among tournament fishermen. Early each afternoon he would crank in his lines, leave the fishing grounds—which, pleasantly, begin directly outside Kailua's deepwater harbor—and pick up foam and the kids at the dock. It was, simply, a value judgment as to which was more worthwhile: to gain perhaps an hour's fishing or to give his daughters a boat ride.

Brown's I would call the reasonable approach, but it had nothing in common with the cavalier attitude of some competitors. As a member of one of the Denver teams, I corried one night: "It was a good day's fishing—lots of buster and six runner and no strikes."

The tournament, which took place last month, is called international because three of the 77 teams—Mexico, New Zealand and Peru—represented foreign countries. It is called billfish because a vast catalog of fish, all of which have long fatty noses, are eligible catches. Except for two striped marlin, however, which weighed 42 and 43 pounds, only Pacific blue marlin were taken.

The *Dorado*, with its twin Chryslers putting out 400 hp, was the fastest boat in an improbable fishing fleet that ranged from 16-foot skiffs to 40-foot tugsboats to 63-foot converted Navy AVRs. We cleared Kailua at 34 mph, throttled down

VENERABLE ANGLER Kahanamoku, decked with marlin caught by Ken Brown's *Dorado*

to trolling speed and almost immediately hooked into a marlin. There is, perhaps, no sound as sweet to a fisherman's ears as the harsh, urgent music of line stripping off a big reel. This fish, which we didn't see breach, was on for some five minutes, taking out almost all the line; then it was off. When Brown despondently reeled in, we found that its tail or bill had broken the 575-pound-test cable leader.

A man of strength

Another strike came shortly afterward as we ran south toward the dark fingers of the 1950 lava flows and the beach where Captain Cook was slain. This time Brown told Duke to take the rod from the holder. Duke has caught few big fish. As he said, wistfully, he always winds up driving the boat. He is still, at 71, a man of strength, and the muscles in his big arms were swelling, for, unaccustomed to fighting a fish, he used his arms rather than his back. He brought the marlin in at a commendable rate until the rubber band that had attached the line to the outrigger approached the rod tip. Then, as they say, the marlin must have seen the name of the boat, for he made a long, violent run, undoing Duke's work, and began to jump. There is, too, perhaps no sight as thrilling to a fisherman's eyes as a big blue marlin jumping clear of the broad and barren surface of the ocean.

Duke sat in the chair, his dark, honorable and independent face intransigent. He was silent, too. Only the sweat working down his cheeks from his old white hair and along his large, fleshy nose told of the quiet ceremony of the battle. Eventually he tired, and we told him to rest: Duke has had two heart attacks in recent years. When he resumed fighting, the marlin sounded and Duke lost more line than he was able to retrieve. We told him to tighten up on the drag, and perhaps he put on too much. For the radically bending rod broke suddenly with a sharp report and Duke was left, bewildered, with a ludicrous stump and a reel in his large hands. The fish, which Duke had fought for 45 minutes, was automatically disqualified under the tournament regulations.

The line had not broken when the rod did, and we were determined to save the fish. (Marlin was selling for 29¢ a pound on the pier.) Tatsu, a little brown spar-

row of a man, and I grabbed the line, lifted it clear of the boat and kept up the pressure while we put on gloves. Then followed the long work of hand-lining him (everything in Hawaiian pulgus is "him") up. The marlin was still green, and every once in a while he would put on the brakes or head for the bottom. At those times Tatsu and I couldn't heave too hard, for we didn't know how well the hooks were set. Finally he came to the surface and as I held the leader Tatsu put the flying gaff in him and lashed him to the stern by the tail and the base of the bill.

The Duke's trophy

"Strange things happen," said the Duke, dazed and worn in the fighting chair. He draped the broken rod about his neck. "That's a new kind of lei," he said. "If you can't break the record, break the rod."

And, proud and regretful, we towed the fish to Kailua, back riding absurdly on a pillow, throat gravely throbbing, great blue ball of an eye wildly regarding the sun. The Duke said he would remember the marlin for the rest of his life. He spoke with gravity, as though the fish were a going-away present.

When he was hoisted on the beam scale, Duke's marlin weighed 441 pounds. He would easily have won the tournament for Kenny Brown. As it was, Kawaihae finished second with its 395-pounder, getting an additional 100 points for biggest fish of the day and 100 more for biggest of the tournament. The eventual winner was the Balboa (Calif.) Angling Club team No. 1 (Elmer Hehr, Betty Tucker and Joe Kooms). Finking from various charter boats, they caught a 347- and a 443-pound marlin on 130-pound test and a 182-pounder on 80 test, the latter carrying a bonus of 30%.

Balboa No. 1 also boasted two ahi (Alfion, or yellowfin, tuna), which were entered in a separate competition. The largest ahi of the tournament weighed 241 pounds (the all-tackle record is 286½ pounds) and was boated by Thomas Walden Jr. of the Pearl Harbor Naval Station.

It was a successful, easy-going and well-run tournament. Forty-one marlin were taken and none was smaller than 42 pounds; 10 were more than 200 pounds and five more than 300.

Perhaps the most notable catch of all



PRETTY ANGEL Jeanne Martin came close to record, landing 221-pounder on 80-pound line.

was made by Jeanne Martin, an exceedingly pretty young lady who has been fishing seriously for only a year, or since she married a fisherman. Jeanne got herself a 221-pound marlin on 80-pound test line, which is 13½ pounds shy of the Pacific blue world record for both men and women.

"It's a ridiculous sport, but I adore it," Jeanne said. It is. It reminds me, in its curious mixture of boredom and kicks, of when I was a kid and the worst baseball player in the northeastern U.S. I was, therefore, banished to right field, where the fewer balls are hit and the grass is never mowed; in this Siberia for the unfortunates I at least give you some hay to chew on. I would stand out there, remote, restless and breeding, until a fly ball would miraculously descend like a falling star and I would be charged with excitement and then horrified that I might drop it. So it is with marlin fishing: for the 41 fish boated there were 254 strikes, 155 hook-ups—and a lot of long boat rides in the desolate reaches of night field.

END



The beetle gets a big brother

That's the VW-1500, a fancier, faster car from Volkswagen that reflects German prosperity

The automobile shown above circling a German test track is this year's most important passenger car news from Europe. It is the long-awaited VW-1500, big brother to the preposterously successful beetle called the Volkswagen. Three years in the making and introduced to the U.S. this week, the VW-1500 is larger, faster and, consequently, more expensive than the standard Volkswagen. It does not replace the smaller car. Rather, it is meant for the expand-

ing class of prosperous Germans who have left beetle-income days behind. The car will not be exported to Volkswagen-loving America for a number of months—perhaps not until 1963. What is expected to be a solid market at home will first be satisfied. Initial production will be 300 daily; within a year that will be raised to 500—a figure still far below the 3,400 a day for the beetle.

As a glance at the picture reveals, the VW-1500 looks quite unlike the tiny bug it joins in the market place. The body shell is distinctly Italianate, resembling Pinin Farina coachwork, which has become almost a European cliché. Farina's crisp, modern look-alike de-

signs clothe the Fiat 2300, Peugeot 404 and MG Magnette.

Beneath the VW-1500's good-looking, if conventional, skin is a brand-new engine. Like the Volkswagen's, it is air-cooled, rear-mounted and possessed of four horizontally opposed cylinders. But it has an ultracompact "boxcar" shape that permits considerable luggage space above it. The beetle has nothing in the rear but its stinger. The rear trunk, in addition to the front compartment beneath the hood, gives the VW-1500 a cargo area rivaling that of other cars in its price range: German Fords, General-Motors-built German Opels and DKWs.

The VW-1500's engine displaces 1,500

cubic centimeters, hence its name. It produces 53 horsepower at 4,000 rpm, 13 hp more than the Volkswagen's 1,200-cc engine, and a top speed of 81 mph, an increase of some 10 mph. Although both cars are identical in wheel-base (94.5 inches), the new one is 6.5 inches longer and 265 pounds heavier. Old Volkswagen buffs will be saddened to hear that, like the upcoming 1962 beetle, the VW-1500 has a fuel gauge and no reserve fuel tank—which was a somewhat endearing quality.

The Russians disdained it

Needless to say, the VW-1500 marks yet another plateau in the upward course of the world's most remarkable automotive firm. It was Adolf Hitler who, executing one of his few constructive ideas, ordered the German engineering genius Ferdinand Porsche to design a low-priced people's car. A manufacturing plant and a new "Strength Through Joy Car Town" rose at Wolfsburg on a train-German canal in Lower Saxony. Before real production could begin Hitler's war intervened. Allied bombers cluttered the plant, which was turned to the production of jetpack military vehicles. After V-E day the conquering British occupied Wolfsburg and got the plant going again, but British automotives, who could have had the Volkswagen design as war booty, turned up their noses at it. Even the apologetic Russians, who were camped only a dozen miles away in the eastern zone, disdained it. And so at first did the present managing director, Heinz Nordhoff.

Nordhoff had beset GM's big Opel truck works. After the war he implored GM to rehire him, but having built trucks for wartime Germany (although he was not a member of the Nazi party), he was not acceptable to the American firm. Thus of all the ironies interwoven with the Volkswagen story none is more delicious to Germans than this—that a German GM man longing for but denied the shelter of his corporate home should, beginning in 1948, revitalize Volkswagen, direct it shrewdly to immense success (a million VW cars, buses and trucks will be built this year), make it America's top imported car (half a million registrations so far, including 160,000

last year) and, in so doing, help induce GM and the other Detroit manufacturers to build small cars in self-defense. One of them is of course GM's rear-engined Corvair, which pays the Volkswagen the sincerest form of flattery.

Quality control has always been one of Heinz Nordhoff's long suits, so it is no surprise that the VW-1500 appears to be very well made. Nor is it odd that the car is pleasant to drive; motor sports enthusiasts, including some Grand Prix drivers, have long admired the standard Volkswagen's nimble ways.

Driving the VW-1500 myself at Wolfsburg recently, I found it perky and confidence-inspiring. Acceleration was reasonably brisk, brakes were equal to hard usage and the car was stable on corners taken at speeds far above sensible rates for street and highway driving. My only reservation was that the foot pedals were rather awkwardly placed. Because of the front wheel housing they are set to the right of the ideal position, which is directly in front of the driver.

Like the standard VW, the VW-1500 is wisely equipped with bucket seats in front; few automobiles, regardless of price, seat the driver and the passenger

to his right so comfortably. Seat backs lock in place when the doors are closed. The bench-type rear seat is contoured for two passengers but can squeeze in three adults for short trips.

An extremely desirable car

Front windows roll down, but the rear ones are merely hinged wings. The windshield is not flat like the beetle's but is conservatively curved. Dashboard instruments are well arranged for convenience and visibility. The floor-mounted parking brake and shift lever are within comfortable reach. A hinged lid forming the floor of the rear luggage compartment completely conceals the engine. In addition to the basic two-door sedan, there is a neat, compact station wagon.

All in all, the VW-1500 appears to be an extremely desirable car for the price—6,400 marks, or 1,600 U.S. dollars, for the sedan in Germany, perhaps \$2,300 in America when it is finally marketed here. Americans buy so many of those \$1,600 beetles, however, that the Volkswagen people are in no hurry to jump in with a new model priced as high as our own popular compacts. **END**

COMPARATIVE SPECIFICATIONS

	VOLKSWAGEN	VW-1500
DISPLACEMENT	2,182 CC. (72.74 cu. in.)	2,499 CC. (95.09 cu. in.)
BORE	3.031 inches	3.5 inches
STROKE	2.52 inches	2.7 inches
COMPRESSION RATIO	7:1	7.2:1
HORSEPOWER	40 @ 3,800 RPM	52 @ 4,800 RPM
TRANSMISSION	Four forward speeds, synchromesh on all forward gears. Identical gear ratios: first 3.90 to 1, second 2.06, third 1.32, fourth .89, reverse 3.88	
SUSPENSION	Independent for all four wheels	
STEERING WHEEL TURNS (lock to lock)	2.4	2.8
TIRES	5.40 x 15	6.25 x 15
WHEELBASE	94.5 inches	94.5 inches
OVER-ALL LENGTH	160 inches	166.2 inches
WIDTH	60.6 inches	63.7 inches
HEIGHT	59 inches	58.1 inches
CURB WEIGHT	2,831 pounds	3,095 pounds

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SONNY WHITNEY: A SUCCESS IN SPITE OF HIS MONEY

As befits a man with such a name, Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney was born into a world of spangled opulence beyond the imagination of even a Father Divine or a Gabor sister. There are no actuarial odds available on the chances for future success of someone raised amidst such wealth and such tradition, but the daily evidence in the tabloids would indicate that their prospects are not bright. Nonetheless, C. V. Whitney overcame these childhood handicaps. By the time he was 40 years old he had become a spectacular success in such diverse enterprises as mining, moving pictures, marine zoology, commercial aviation, natural history, agronomy and sport, and he has been adding to his list of distinguished accomplishments ever since.

Last year, at the age of 61, Whitney, who is still known to his friends as Sonny, reached what may well be the apogee of one of those many careers. The C. V. Whitney Thoroughbred racing stable, which was started by Whitney's grandfather and carried on by his father before he himself took it over in 1930, won \$1,039,091. Only Calumet Farm, the stable that dominated U.S. racing for 11 of the previous 20 years, had ever before passed the million-dollar mark in winnings.

Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney, born to wealth and position, has applied an extraordinary competitive sense to a wide variety of activities—from polo and horse racing to mining and movie making. Here is the story of a rich boy who made good

by ALFRED WRIGHT

But among Thoroughbred peris like Whitney, winning big purses is not enough. Deep satisfaction comes only from a complementary success in breeding—projecting the bloodlines of one's finest horses through the years and, as the saying goes (laughingly) among the \$2 punters, "improving the breed." That, the real excitement for Whitney in his 1960 triumph is that he was also the leading breeder of the year. Horses bred on the rolling countryside of his lovely 960-acre Whitney Farm at Lexington, Ky., won \$1,193,181—10% more than those of the second-place breeder. The union of these two accomplishments in one stable is as if Charles Lindbergh had built the *Spirit of St. Louis* with his own hands before he flew it to Paris.

Anyone who has followed the career of C. V. Whitney as it has been to painstakingly chronicled in the society and gossip columns for four decades might

get the idea he is a gay, handsome, care-free, fun-loving type who spends most of his time cavorting in the company of movie stars and other picturesque people. But aside from the fact that he has had four marriages to beautiful women and that one of his five children by these marriages is a dazzling blonde with a penchant for publicity, Whitney is a far cry from the popular intype of the rich American sportsman and socialite. Handsome he is, to be sure—a six-footer with an athletic build, a youthful face and only the wispest flecks of gray in his wavy brown hair—but with it all he is as earnest and intense as a clergyman. Small talk bore him, he drinks sparingly and his notion of a full evening is a cou-

continued

C. V. AT SARATOGA sits in opulent old Casino. Portraits of famous horses now hung in the National Museum of Racing.





WHITNEY CAREER HAS INCLUDED ROWING FOR YALE, LEADING CHAMPIONSHIP POLO TEAM AND AIR FORCE DUTY IN WORLD WAR II

C. V. WHITNEY *continued*

ple of rubbers of bridge with his wife and some other couple. "Sonny never really seems to have any fun," a friend has said of him, but it would be more accurate to say he likes his fun in very small doses.

Whereas horse racing is a sport and most rich people go into it as a pleasant and gregarious form of recreation, Whitney approaches it as if it were a moral duty. "I would never have gone into it in the first place," he once said, "if it weren't for the family tradition." And because his competitive instinct is as uncompromising as a tidal wave, he couldn't possibly keep at the sport without wanting to be the best. "I enjoy the competitiveness first," he says.

Whitney once quit racing entirely—in 1937—when he felt he didn't have the time to do it properly. "I was only 38 years old," he recently recalled, "and I was extremely busy with a great many other interests. I was very active in the moving picture business at the time. My cousin, Mr. John Hay Whitney, and I had large investments in Pioneer Pictures, a company that produced some of the first Technicolor movies, and later became Selznick International, which made *Rebecca*, *A Star Is Born* and *Gone With the Wind*.

"In addition to that, I was busy with my copper-mining interests in Flin Flon, Canada, where I was a partner in the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Com-

pany with my old friend, Roscoe H. Channing Jr. I was also deeply engaged in the formation of the Marine Studios at St. Augustine, Fla., and I was taking an active part in the management of Pan American Airways. Then there were such civic enterprises as the American Museum of Natural History in New York and the Metropolitan Opera Company. And I was serving on the board of the Whitney Museum of American Art, which my two sisters and I endowed in memory of my mother. So, I had very little time for sport."

When Whitney goes into a business—or anything else, for that matter—he plays for keeps, and any resemblance to the rich dilettante is strictly illusory. Before joining the Flin Flon mining venture in northern Manitoba, Whitney had worked as a mucker in the Comstock Lode, learning the business from the underground up. Then, when Channing proved to Whitney the feasibility of his process for recovering low-grade ore, the older man and the young Yale graduate personally led the arduous expedition into the Canadian wilderness where the mine is located. From the very first, Whitney served as an active chairman of the board of the mining company, as he still does, and he also took over the presidency upon the retirement of Channing a few years ago.

During his first Hollywood outing Whitney served on the board of directors of Pioneer Pictures and Selznick International and helped keep a firm

hand on the purse strings while David Selznick, the flamboyant producer, was developing new and expensive ways to make pictures. Later, in 1934, Whitney again entered the movie business and his new company, C. V. Whitney Pictures, Inc. produced three Westerns—*The Searchers*, *The Minnow*, *Traveler* and *The Young Land*. They were not financial triumphs, but they had a modest critical success, and they helped to appease his desire to glorify the early pioneer spirit.

Before Whitney abandoned the movies for good in 1938, he married Mary Lou Horsford, a small and vivacious blonde with four children by a previous marriage. He had met her casually while dining in a Phoenix, Ariz. restaurant, cast her in the ingenu role of *The Minnow* *Traveler*, married her in Carson City, Nev. and took her back to Kentucky to live.

From the very start of Marineland—or, more exactly, the Marine Studios, Inc. near St. Augustine, Fla.—C. V. assumed an active part in the collection of the deep-sea animals with which this marine zoo was stocked. And he has always served as its board chairman.

The same sort of thing was true at Pan American, a company that was an outgrowth of an early aviation partnership among Whitney, Juan Trippe and several other air-minded New Yorkers. Whitney had won his wings with the

Canadian Royal Flying Corps in World War I when freshly out of Groton School, and he helped pioneer some of Pan Am's early routes from the cockpit of a small plane. Here, once again, Whitney served as board chairman of a company in which he was heavily involved, but a business disagreement with Trippi ended this arrangement before World War II.

It has been almost axiomatic, then, that when Whitney entered a business venture he would assume the leading executive position and assume its duties as well as the title. Through the years he has served as a chairman of the board almost as often as George Jouel has served as a treasurer.

"What time I could spare from my business and other interests," Whitney said, "was taken up largely by my polo team—the Old Westbury team, we called it. It was composed of Mike Phipps, Cecil Smith, Stewart Igleson and myself. We won the national championship in both 1937 and 1938.

"At that time my racing stable had had a couple of bad seasons and had just about hit the bottom. So I decided to sell all the horses I had in training—though I'd keep the horses I had on the farm in Lexington until I decided whether I would continue in racing."

Despite the relatively poor record of the C. V. Whitney stable in 1936 and 1937, Whitney was able to auction off all of the 15 horses he had in training for a total of \$119,600—a pretty hefty sum in those days of the skippy, post-Depression dollar. The next year, running under the colors of various other owners, these same 15 horses won a total of \$216,165—enough to have nearly led the list of winning owners if Whitney had kept them under his own famous Etou blue and brown silks.

"I went back into racing more out of a sense of duty than anything else," Whitney said. "I had never been particularly excited about it, but both my father and grandfather had loved the sport, and they had devoted great care to building up our bloodlines and breeding stock. As a matter of fact, although I didn't think about it at the time I decided to resume racing, I had one very unusual experience when I was a young man that may easily have been

the deciding factor in my decision."

During these reminiscences Whitney had been sitting at his desk in a small, cluttered office that he maintains in a corner of one of the small cottages on his Kentucky farm. It is an unpretentious place, but it reflects the sentiment that lies behind Whitney's shy and formal facade. There is a photograph of his mother, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, who was a granddaughter of Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt and a very distinguished sculptor. In another photograph is his father, the late Harry Payne Whitney, characteristically wearing the black bowler hat which was almost a trademark for him around the race tracks. There is a picture of Charming, the elderly man who first interested Whitney in his Canadian mining project and who died this year at the age of 93. "He was like a second father to me," C. V. says. There is a formal photograph of Whitney in the uniform of an Army Air Force colonel during World War II and under it, inscribed in his own hand, a description of his visit to the landing beaches at Iwo Jima in the company of

Secretary of the Navy James Forrestal, who was a close friend. There are pictures and sculptures of some of the more famous Whitney horses—all adding up to the feeling that this is a room where Whitney likes to concentrate his fondest memories.

It would be hard to exaggerate the importance that Whitney attaches to tradition. Someone once seemed astonished to discover that C.V. was a Democrat in good standing who had run for Congress on the Democratic ticket in 1932, had supported Jack Kennedy for President and even served for two years in Harry Truman's subcabinet as Under Secretary of Commerce.

"Of course I'm a Democrat," Whitney said. "Both my grandfather and father were Democrats."

William C. Whitney, C.V.'s grandfather and the founder of the Whitney fortune, largely through his interests in the New York City street-railway system, had a dramatic political career. He spent a lot of his time fighting Tammany Hall, helped unseat Boss Tweed and eventually became Secretary of the Navy

Continued



FORAY INTO POLITICS was made by Democrat Whitney in 1932 when he ran, unsuccessfully, for Congress on Long Island. His second wife, Gladys, accompanied him.

in Grover Cleveland's Cabinet. Harry Payne Whitney, in his turn, was one of the major financial supporters of Al Smith.

Once, when C.V. was a youngster, he heard his mother and father arguing over his future. "My father was saying he wanted me to be a great athlete, and my mother was saying she wanted me to be a concert pianist. 'Oves my dead body,' my father said. I was never a great athlete nor a concert pianist, but I feel in a way that I have satisfied both their desires. My work in moving pictures and my participation in such things as the opera and the Whitney Gallery of Western Art in Cody, Wyo. have helped to carry on the artistic traditions of my family, and I have always tried to lead an active life in sport—or as much so as I have had time for."

Whitney can indeed look back on a very full life as a sportsman—a tackle on the Gross School football team, a bow carman on the Yale varsity crew, a fox hunter, a deep-sea sailor, a six-goal polo player, a skier, a fisherman, a huntsman, an excellent lawn-tennis player and a naturalist with serious credentials. And, of course, there is his Thoroughbred racing stable.

One day recently, Whitney took me on a tour of his Lexington farm, which is impressively functional with its dark-brown rail fences dividing the lush green pastures. He pointed out the small cemetery, where the farm's most celebrated Thoroughbreds are buried with such modest inscriptions on the headstone as:

EQUIPOSE

CHESNUT—1928

PINNANT—ORANGE

BRED AUGUST 4, 1938

AN ILLUSTRIOUS SON OF THIS BRED

Whitney drove his gray, 10-year-old Mercedes convertible past the acres of tobacco land that he leases out to a local farmer on a share-cropping basis and

along a road that divides his own farm from Greentree Stud, the adjoining farm of his cousins, Jack Whitney and Mrs. Charles Stephen Payton. "If you look through those trees," he said, "you can probably see Tom Fool, who is Greentree's best sire right now. I've had several seasons to him, and one of them produced Tompion."

We then drove past the stallion's barn,



WHITNEY AND WIFE MARY LOU AT HOUSE IN FLIN FLON

and Whitney stopped the car so we could get out and look at a proud old swag-backed gray stallion who was grazing in a nearby paddock. This was the great Mahmoud, who won the Epsom Derby in 1936 for the Aga Khan and in doing so set a stakes record that still stands. Whitney bought him three years later for \$80,000, and in 20 years at stud on Whitney Farm he produced as many distinguished racing and brood mares as any other sire in American Thoroughbred records, although, for some genetic mystery, he never produced a truly first-class colt.

Mahmoud, aged 28, is now in retirement and enjoying the leisure of his autumn years. His three principal suc-

cessors are in the adjoining paddocks. One is Fisherman, the little brown horse who won the Washington, D.C., International, Another n Mourn Marcy, one of the better Whitney racers of recent years, and the third is Counterpoint, a large chestnut 13-year-old, who is just beginning to be recognized as a successful sire. Five of the top seven Whitney money winners last year were Counterpoints. "One of the significant things of the past few years on this farm," he explained as he examined this stallion with pride, "is Counterpoint's new importance as a sire. He went from absolutely no recognition at all during his first five years at stud to 10th on the list of winning sires last year, and he now has 23 horses running."

As we drove on, we could see several dozen mares and their yearlings grazing in the brown-fenced pastures on either side of the road—the 1961 crop of Whitney Thoroughbreds. "Do you notice how many of these mares are gray?" Whitney inquired, and, sure enough, almost half of them were. "You wouldn't see that anywhere else in the world," he said. "Those are Mahmoud mares, and the strain of gray in him is so strong that he has passed it on to many of his mares."

Eventually we arrived at a large barn, where Whitney stopped the car and got out to show me some of the 300 head of Black Angus cattle he maintains. "These are the ones we are getting ready for the shows," he said, nodding toward a number of very black and very fat animals, who were being entertained by rock 'n' roll from a radio and cooled by electric fans the size of airplane propellers.

"We've had great success with this herd, and some people rate it among the top five in the country," Whitney said later as we sat on the front porch of one of the guest cottages and looked across the fields at the gray mares and their foals and the black cattle and the rolling bluegrass countryside and the

continued



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by SHERMAN ADAMS



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C. V. WHITNEY *continued*

three-quarter-mile training track and beyond to the enormous barn, where such distinguished racers as Dotted Swiss and Tompion were living.

"It was through Ivor Balding's influence, you know, that I went into cattle. In fact, I couldn't emphasize too strongly the tremendous part he has played in the renovation and success of this establishment—in both horses and cattle."

Ivor Balding is the manager of the eastern division of Whitney's racing string and a general consultant on all phases of the C. V. Whitney Farm and the Thoroughbred operation. Twenty-five years ago Whitney hired Balding, then a young Englishman scarcely out of his teens, to manage his polo ponies and serve as a substitute on the polo team, and Balding has been a friend and employee ever since.

In 1939, the year Whitney decided to re-enter Thoroughbred racing after a one-year hiatus, young Balding was the man he selected to head the entire enterprise. He sent Balding to Cornell for a course in agronomy and then put him in complete charge of Whitney Farm. One of Balding's first moves was to start the Black Angus herd as a means of naturally fertilizing the pastured land. His other major decision that year was the purchase of Mahmoud.

In the '30s Mahmoud's daughters showed they could not only run but could also produce winners. In 1939 one Whitney filly, Silver Spoon, who was by Citation out of a Mahmoud mare, beat all the best colts in California during the winter meeting at Santa Anita. Sentimentalists everywhere were pulling for her to be the second filly in history to win the Kentucky Derby (she finished a respectable fifth). The sentiment was fanned by the fact that Regret, the filly who won in 1915, had belonged to Whitney's father.

In 1940 Whitney's long and patient rehabilitation of his racing stock hit the jackpot. Tompion, his temperamental 3-year-old colt, looked, after a successful winter season in California, as if he might bring Whitney his first victory in the Kentucky Derby. He ran a disappointing



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fourth in that race, but even so, he won more than a quarter of a million dollars during the year. Dotted Swiss, a 4-year-old, did most of his miring in California and led the Whitney money winners with \$296,500. And Silver Spoon, as a 4-year-old, won more than \$130,000. All told, 34 Whitney Thoroughbreds, racing mainly in California under Trainer Bob Wheeler and in New York and Kentucky under Bud Grochy, contributed to the winning total of more than a million dollars.

"It is, of course, very satisfying to win all that money," Whitney said one afternoon as he relaxed in a rocking chair and looked over his peaceful acres. "But the real success of this farm was reached in the fall of 1960, when we had 30 yearlings, all of whom were sound. Most people don't realize that only about half of the Thoroughbreds that are foaled each year are actually sound horses. In both our 1960 and 1961 crops all the foals were sound. This is our great achievement. Unspectacular statistics like that are the true measure of the success that I've and I have had here."

"Racing has changed a great deal in recent years. A lot of the oldtimers who loved horses and rode them and hunted them and played polo on them are disappearing. Now you get a great many people who just like to win a trophy or a big purse and have a box at Belmont but don't really give a damn about the horses themselves."

"When you watch a horse you've raised and trained and brought to the races, when you watch him run in an important race like The Belmont, it's just like watching one of your own children do something important."

"Do you remember my mentioning an unusual experience I had when I was a young man that had an important effect on my decision to return to racing?"

"Back in 1927 my father had a 3-year-old named Whiskery who was running in the Kentucky Derby, and I came down to the farm from New York with him and some of his cronies in his private railroad car. At that time I had no particular interest in racing, and I'd never seen a Derby."

"My father used to get so nervous when he had a horse in an important race that he could hardly bear to watch."



My Father is a Giant by Jimmy Webster, son of New York Giant star Alex Webster

Who's the greatest football player? At our house we kids take a golf, and it comes out Alex Webster every time. Alex Webster is my Dad. He's a Giant.

That's why we bought him the shirts made of wood. Mother heard us yelling and said, "Why don't we give the greatest player a present?" So we helped her pick out two Van Heusen shirts in Dad's size, XL. (They come in S, M, and L, too.) They had a brushed feeling, real soft. Mother said you could wash and dry them by machine, and the collar would still stay in place.

Dad was really pleased. He looked at the label—the one that says 92% acrylic fiber, 50% Courtaulds Colony® rayon—and he said, "Jimmy, these shirts are made from wood." Mother said, "Should we take them back?" Dad laughed. "No, you don't. These are great!"

And he explained how the Courtaulds people make Colony. They start with wood from real trees (guess they used a giant redwood for Dad's shirts!). That goes into a pulp and gets ground up and ripened into a liquid. Right then they add color, and make it into a fiber afterward, so the color can't get out.

But Dad's wasn't the only surprise. I got a shirt, too—just like his, real warm and soft to go with my tall stacks. Made by Croton, with Colony and everything.

Like to have one of these shirts in just about any fall weather color? If you're a man, write to Phillips Van Heusen, 417 Park Ave., New York 10, N.Y. If you're a boy, size 6-8, write to Croton Shirts, 5390 Broadway, M.T., N.Y. Or you can get them at leading stores everywhere. Fabrics by KNOTHORN.

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by MAURY ALLEN

Winning streaks and losing streaks, firing and hiring, negotiations and promotions, changes and countercharges, all merely meant that baseball was reacting as it always does in the exciting warmth of pennant races and the tiring heat of August.

"It's a game of momentum," said San Francisco Manager Alvin Dark after his Giants lost three in a row. Before that, they had won six straight and started talk about another Giant "miracle." The Braves lost their forward progress, too. Lurching up is the National League race on the strength of 10 straight, Milwaukee slipped back by losing three in a row. Playing the best ball in the league since Johnny Keane was made manager, St. Louis took six in a row to get within 5½ games of the top. The Dodgers, meanwhile, staggered under 10 consecutive defeats, then came back against the first-place Reds, winning two before losing a crucial Sunday double-header.

In the American League, Mats and Mats continued hot after Ruth's record (Mats is 11, Matsle 6) while Frank Lane and Kansas City Owner Charles Finley were hot after each other. Finley fired Lane as Kansas City general manager amidst mutual charges of "lying." Finley's business was also hot. Fred Friday (baseball experience: eight months), became the new GM. In Chicago, Hank Greenberg resigned as White Sox GM, explaining he "wanted to take it easy." On the field the dogged Detroit Tigers refused to fold, matching New York win for win. If the Yankees were to be taken, it would have

to be Detroit that would do it. The Tigers have their chance. Seven games remain between the contenders, the first three this weekend.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The New York Yankees exhibited even more pitching muscle than home run muscle as Ralph Terry threw two shutouts, Robert Shelden whipped Cleveland and Bill Stafford gave Kansas City three hits. The Detroit Tigers, meanwhile, got some abut pitching too. Frank Lacy (see page 16) won his 19th (18 complete games), Jim Banning, Detroit's last 30-game winner, blanked Washington on two hits, and Paul Foytack won his first game in a month. Jim Gentile of the Baltimore Orioles hit three home runs, bringing his total to 39. It was becoming obvious to Manager Paul Richards that "it can't be done in '61." Said Richards: "Those Yankees just won't lose." Juan Pizarro gave up nine hits while winning two games, and Al Smith hit two homers in one game as the Chicago White Sox moved into fourth place, displacing the Cleveland Indians. The Indians lost six of seven, and Jerome Dykes replaced his troops to win "Mell's firm," said Jerome. "Did you want to freeze away the first division in the final weeks?" Three home runs by Jackie Jensen powered the Boston Red Sox to three straight over the Senators. Despite his batting razzmatazz, Jensen refused to make the long plane flight to Los Angeles. Earl Averill of the Angels hit his 19th home run of the season (lifetime total in four previous years: 36) as LA gave the Yankees trouble as usual, losing two of three. Reddy Rodgers also had a homer for LA and climbed to within 698 of Babe Ruth's career total of 714. Milwaukee won three games, two of them shutouts by Candy Pacual (2 hits) and Jim Kaat (3 hits). Poor pitching, a porous defense (four errors in four games) and a team batting average of .200 gave the Washington Senators a useless week and a chance for the bottom after all. More than 80,000 came out to watch the Yankee home hitters in Kansas City in two games and cheered when someone local boy Roger Maris hit Sox 51.

THE SEASON

BEST		WORST	
Batting (70)	Dwight F. P. 368	Dobyne, Phil 205	
Batting (N.Y.)	Cash, Del 348	Stephens, Ed 294	
Home run	Dwight F. 36	Arnes, Phil 9	
Home run	1 (per 12 AB)	CDI AB	
Home run	Mace, Roy 30	Seymour, Bud 9	
Home run	1 (per 9 AB)	CDI AB	
Pitching (34)	Lay, Ed 112	Wattles, Phil 6-17	
Pitching (44)	Ford, NY 21-2	Dolan, NY 5-16	
ERA (31)	Sonnen, Del 3.08	Dolan, NY 4.79	
ERA (31)	Barnes, W 3.08	Barnes, W 4.08	
Complete	Seymour, Bud 3	Sullivan, Phil 1	
Complete	1 (per 10 AB)	CDI AB	
Complete	Lacy, Del 18	Wattles, Phil 1	
Complete	1 (per 10 AB)	CDI AB	
Strikeout (34)	Rodden, LA 200	Barnes, W 100	
Strikeout (34)	1 (per 10 AB)	CDI AB	
Strikeout (34)	1 (per 10 AB)	CDI AB	
Strikeout (34)	1 (per 10 AB)	CDI AB	

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Sandy Koufax and Johnny Podres left-handed the Dodgers back from total disaster. Stomper Koufax beat Cincinnati four games (2) to end the LA losing streak. Podres won his 16th (his highest career total)



OLD PITCH HITTERS Dave Philley, 41, of the Orioles and Lince Kato, 40, in the Phils' outfield. Dave set record, Kato followed.

the next day, when the Dodgers crushed the Reds with 16 hits. The San Francisco Giants also feasted on the shaggy Reds. In one game Jim Marshall won given 14 runs as the Giants hit five homers in a 12-run ninth inning. The Milwaukee Braves ended win only three of seven. Two of these victories came from faithful Warren Spahn. In his 600th game, Spahn beat Chris Short of the Phillies. Short was 2 years old when Spahn began pitching. Ray Sadecki (who won't even born when Spahn started) got two wins for the Cardinals. Each Sadecki win is worth free coffee to the customers in Ray's Coffee Shop in St. Petersburg, Fla., owned by the 20-year-old left-hander. The Phillies split six games; victories included a 1-0 shut-out by Yankee reject Tom Standsvatt. Last year's hero, Manager Danny Mortman, was exonerated for the Red's flop and signed for next year. Catcher Dick Berrill of the Chicago Cubs suffered a knee injury in a collision at Philadelphia. To save the knee, Berrill young hunder at the plate in order to avoid so much running. The result: four hits against Pittsburgh, including a home run. Catcher Ray Delymphe of the Phillies used his knee to advantage also. He placed it on the ground to give Pitcher John Burkhardt and Arm Mahaffey lower targets to shoot at. The trick worked as the Phils won four of six.

RUNS PRODUCED			
NATIONAL LEAGUE	Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Total Runs Produced
Atlanta, Ga. (30)	32	17	49
Phil., NY (25)	30	14	44
Arnes, Phil (21)	28	14	42
Coyotes, SF (20)	26	12	38
Cincinnati, OH (20)	26	12	38
Pirates, Pitt (20)	26	12	38
Brow, Phil (20)	26	12	38
Baltimore, Md (19)	24	14	38

*Detroit's loss to the Yankees, June 10th.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SEVEN-YEAR SWITCH

Sir:

I could not help viewing with a bit of whiteny the following from Ray Cave's piece *The Fresh Face of Sport*, Aug. 21: "Seven years of professional golf saw the end of the domination of Hogan and Snead, the rise of Arnold Palmer and the realization that fitness is no longer enough. Power has become vital." This statement seems hardly appropriate in a year that has seen Gene Littler win the Open and Jerry Barber the PGA. Certainly, neither of these could be thought of as exponents of power.

Actually, golf is little different now from what it always has been. It helps, of course, to get the ball well out from the tee, but the ability to do so is only a help, not a decisive factor.

After all, Hogan and Snead were pretty good hitters, and Arnold Palmer has been as good as anybody on and around the green, especially when he has been winning.

Let's not spread the news that you have to be a strong man to be a successful golfer. The ball still has to be put into the hole.

ROBERT TYNO JONES, JR.

Athens

Sir:

Who would have thought that on Sports Illustrated's seventh anniversary a glance into the past would have revealed so many changes? *The Fresh Face of Sport* was probably the most interesting sports feature that I have ever read.

GEFF WILLIAMS

Snyder, Texas

SIVLER SKEPTICS

Sir:

After reading your explosive last-word epistle on the increasing crime rate among American baseballs (*Fiv, D's Livin'*, Aug. 28), I began to understand why there are so many skeptics in the world today. About the only thing that article proved is that you are touched in the headlines. It may be true that the thing is hepped up, juiced up, rabid, hyperactive. Personally, I wouldn't care less.

SARFIELD MATTHEWS

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

Sir:

Why isn't there a home run boom in the National League, which uses the same "Tinker" ball as the American?

FRANK WOODS

Vanport, Pa.

There is. The NL record for home runs in a season (1,261, set in 1955) probably will be broken this year.—ED.

TRUE TY

Sir:

Congratulations for printing *Last Awing of an Angry Man* (Aug. 21). It removed the stigma of Cobb being a dirty player, and it gave Cobb the true image of being a fair, fast and determined player, which he was. Ty Cobb was the greatest of the great!

HERMAN NEUMANN

Moorpark

Sir:

You captioned a picture of Ty Cobb sliding into home: "Cobb denied he was a ruthless base runner, but old photograph shows him leaping spikes high at the catcher." With the catcher blocking the plate, Cobb is doing only what any professional would do under this condition.

REGINALD E. LARSON

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

Cobb's brand of baseball would bolster jugging attendance at the ball parks today.

FRANK RICE

Portland, Ore.

GARLIC

Sir:

In your otherwise excellent article on herbs (*The Kitchen Secrets of the Little Green Gods*, Aug. 21), you have further mislead that much maligned yet much-blue beneficiary of mankind: garlic. Contrary to Geoffrey Gripton, one of the facts is that garlic can be put in to clip the green shoots from the growing clove and cut them into salads or sprinkle over meat or baked sea food.

I would like to offer, for sterner souls, a garlic recipe taught me by my maternal grandfather, and which may account for that gentleman's 86 healthy years. Cut small, round dark bread in half. Scoop out molasses and feed same to dog or cat. Rub several cloves of garlic all around outside crust of bread, until thick as country butter. Enjoy with hot tea and whisky, or cold beer, or buttermilk, and good book. It is advisable to stay out of public places like subway trains or movie houses for several days afterward.

JEROME RHODES

Mattick, N.Y.

DIPPING AND DUMPING

Sir:

Your article *For Mousebaiters the Lure Is Easy* (Aug. 21) was pretty good except for the part that says, "You will never have to make a phone call and say 'Please ask Joe to come around' when he has a chance—the Dipstick is on the blink." A hole in the wall or an open window will do just as well." I never thought you would publish a thing like that. Richard Russell is among the many guilty of litterbugging on our waterways. Nor can we help the beauty of a body of water, they only help pollute it.

I say, make water runs healthful for swimming and drinking by keeping garbage until you go to shore and by shooting Russell.

AL TRAYNOR

Rockstar

Sir:

Richard Russell's story gave us pleasure—and shock when it said Bob Lange's houseboat floats "on \$25,000 worth of Styrofoam."

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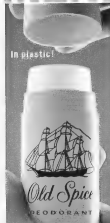
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VOLUNTEERS OF AMERICA

The unsinkables

In the manner of modern-day Huck Finn, 13 boys (ranging in age from 11 to 14) traveled down the Mississippi by raft this summer—from Minneapolis to New Orleans. Sponsored by The Volunteers of America, the youngsters assembled a 33-by-16-foot platform, floated it on 40 oil drums, added a canvas shelter and dubbed the craft *The Unsinkable*. Before the boys and their counselors cut off, two outboard motors were hooked onto the raft's stern, and—although Huck doubtless would have

snored—all hands donned life jackets.

Along the way, the youngsters stopped at Hannibal, Mo. (Mark Twain's boyhood home) and visited such historic river towns as Memphis, Vicksburg and Natchez. They met no desperadoes, but they did share an adventure: one 13-year-old successfully underwent an emergency appendectomy. After a month and some 1,700 miles of water, the boys arrived in New Orleans. Piped up Eddie Caton, 13, a youngster Huck would have cottoned to: "I'd do it again in a minute."

Almost like baseball

Seventh place is seventh heaven in Washington, where Senators' fans never had it so good

by GERALD ASTOR

The Washington Senator fan, like the torch singer, makes a career of suffering. The team has gone 27 years without a pennant, and it is 14 years since it finished in the first division. "We've got up with an awful lot of bum teams," said a 31-year roofer. He sounded complacent, as though it would be sordid to support a team that merely played well. At the start of this season the Senators' prospects were dismal enough to thrill the most insatiable masochist. Calvin Griffith had taken the old team to Minnesota as the Twins, and all the local heroes were gone: Harmon Killebrew, Bob Allison, Camilo Pascual, Cookie Lavagetto. The new Washington Senators, created under the baseball expansion system at a cost of more than \$2 million, looked partly like an elephants' graveyard, partly like an experiment in group therapy: a basic squad of 28, the great majority either has-beens or might-bes. The entire pitching staff had

a total of three complete major league games among them in 1969. The starting outfield could scrape together a record of 22 home runs, and the infielders were known, if at all, as players who could neither field nor hit.

But for much of the season the Senators have hovered about seventh place, rising at one time as high as fourth. In Washington, seventh place is seventh heaven. The fans actually resemble fans now—cheering, cheering, clapping and booing the opposition. In the past, except when Killebrew appeared, they looked like hired mourners. Attendance is up from last year though not very much (below). The WTOP play-by-play radio broadcast audience has increased, at times double what it was last year.

A wishful hope is stirring, an affection for the team that for once is based on reality, or at least possibility, though a touch of the old neurosis remains. The team is an underdog, but it shows its teeth and growls once in a while. "The new Washington Senators were like orphans you took into your home," says Bob Addie, *Washington Post* columnist. "And you don't kick orphans in the seat of the pants."



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Easton, Ohio	Gem's
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Gary, Indiana	R. Gordon & Sons
Glenview, Illinois	The Fall Co.
Grand Rapids, Michigan	Big Store
Grand Rapids, Michigan	Steele's
Grand Rapids, Michigan	Westberg's
Green Bay, Wisconsin	White Store
Greenfield, Ohio	Taunman's
Highland Park, Illinois	The Fall Co.
Hubbard Woods, Illinois	Sanderson Jr.
Indianapolis, Indiana	E. Strawn & Co.
Jackson, Michigan	Farmar's
Jackson, Michigan	Oppenheim's
Kalamazoo, Michigan	Gilmore Bros.
Lafayette, Indiana	Leib's
LaGrange, Illinois	Levy's
Lansing, Michigan	Armstrong's
Madison, Wisconsin	The Hub
Mansfield, Ohio	Fashion Lane
Marquette Park, Illinois	Boys Hyman Store
Milwaukee, Wisconsin	Ed Schaefer Co.
Minneapolis, Minnesota	Maurice L. Rothchild
Maline, Illinois	Mosenthal's
Marquette, Michigan	Square Clothing Co.
Miles, Michigan	Fair's Tailors
Peoria, Illinois	Solovetro Co.
Plymouth, Michigan	Sears & Lord
Richmond, Indiana	Krollenberg Co.
Rockford, Illinois	Stacky's
Rock Island, Illinois	Mosenthal's
Rolling Meadows, Illinois	Crawford Dept. Store
St. Joseph, Michigan	Stake's
St. Paul, Minnesota	Rude Schick
South Bend, Indiana	Max Adler Co.
Springfield, Illinois	Myers Bros.
Springfield, Ohio	Wiggo Shop
Stirling, Illinois	Solman's
Teledo, Ohio	B. R. Baker Co.
Traverse City, Michigan	Henderson Clothing Co.
Warren, Ohio	Pratt Co.
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Senators *continued*

"Washington knew that it would never have a decent team as long as Calvin Griffith was around," says Morrie Siegel of the *Washington News*. "and the fans were ready to support anybody else."

Washington sportswriters occasionally warn the local citizens to support the team if they want to keep a franchise in

sion plan. General Manager Ed Doherty, president of the American Association for seven years and a veteran of baseball front-office management for 20 years, Mickey Vernon with 22 years as a player, and Hal Keller, farm manager, concentrate on pitching rather than hitting. Griffith Stadium is not a hitter's park, with the left-field line 388 feet and right field 320 with a 31-foot wall. The new



PETE GUESADA IS THE MAN UP FRONT



MIKEY VERNON IS MODEST MANAGER

Washington, but no one pays them any mind. Congressmen threaten an investigation of baseball whenever the franchise appears in danger.

Through Manager Mickey Vernon the team enjoys popularity by association. Washington fans still remember his easy grace at first base and his batting championships in the horrid years before there even was a Harmon Killebrew to cheer.

Serenity, at least on the surface, characterizes the soft-spoken Vernon. "Only player I ever saw to compare with him is that quality is Yogi Berra," says Bob Addie. At 43, Vernon looks slim enough and young enough to play. He is also modest—a novel quality in Washington.

"When I make a move and it works, I'm a good manager," he says. The players say, "Vernon still knows what it is like to be a player." They find him tough but like him because he saves his scoldings for the privacy of the office.

In the field the Senators owe their mild success to a delicate selection of the finest skills available under the expan-

sion plan. General Manager Ed Doherty, president of the American Association for seven years and a veteran of baseball front-office management for 20 years, Mickey Vernon with 22 years as a player, and Hal Keller, farm manager, concentrate on pitching rather than hitting. Griffith Stadium is not a hitter's park, with the left-field line 388 feet and right field 320 with a 31-foot wall. The new

D.C. Stadium, home for the Senators in 1962, offers no substantial detriment for hitters. "I agree with Cones Mack—pitching is 75% to 80% of the game," says Vernon, a hardbitten opinion for a onetime first baseman.

The new Senators' top pick was Dick Donovan from the Chicago White Sox, now 33 years old but still a starter on any team in the majors. For the Senators, Donovan is the top winner (eight games). His earned run average is close to the best in the American League.

Another helpful pitching recruit is Joe McClain. After six years in the minors, the 28-year-old McClain was ready to quit baseball if he did not make a major league team. Doherty remembered McClain's statistics at Charleston, 33 walks in 223 innings and a better-than-average assortment of pitches. Ed Hobeugh from the Chicago Sox and Benjie Daniels, picked up in a trade with the Pirates, also are starting pitchers. Marty Katsina, a castoff from the Kansas City club, is a starter at times.

"For me the hardest part of managing is handling the pitchers," says Vernon. With his limited bullpen resources this aspect of Vernon's management is critical, and thus far he has handled the problem deftly.

Handling the outfielders has also been a touchy problem because no one of them combines both good fielding and crisp hitting. Gene Woodling, for example, began the season in left field but after turning a few fly balls into doubles he was given an easier assignment in right. Marty Keough started out strong in spring training, then slumped when the season opened. He was benched until Center Fielder Willie Tausky declined to play one night because of a lightning storm. By getting several hits that night, Keough was able to get back into the lineup—temporarily.

In left field now is Charlie Hinton, whose lively hitting makes up for his defensive shortcomings. The right-field job, which Woodling held for a time, has been given to Jim King.

There has been experimenting at first base, too. Dale Long began the year there. He didn't last. A big newcomer named Bud Zipfel was brought up from the minors and given the job.

The shifting of the infielders has been almost as effective as it has been constant. Chuck Cottier, obtained in a trade with Detroit, and Bob Johnson, called up from Rochester, have strengthened the infield. Cottier, an exceptional fielder, has taken over at second base, and Johnson has succeeded where others have failed at shortstop. Darryl O'Connell is now at third.

Gene Green, an outfielder and reluctant catcher with the Cardinals years ago, is now, at the age of 38, a more enthusiastic pupil of crouching under Coach Rollie Hemsley. His strength, though, is at the plate, not behind it.

The enthusiasm of the fans permits them to make allowances for Senatorial lapses. When Center Fielder Tausky recently paused long enough to triangulate the course of a fly ball, thereby giving the hitter a triple, Willie was not booed; later, when he flared twice in a row with men on base, the Senator fans showed almost inhuman restraint. Their boisterous displeasure is reserved only for the Minnesota Twins, regarded as doers more and most satisfactorily defeated six out of seven games at Griffith Stadium.

The one really new personality connected with the new Washington team

continued



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Senators continued

is the organization president, General Elwood (Pete) Quesada. Known to all connected with the team simply as the general, Pete Quesada grew up near Griffith Stadium (in 1912, at age 8, he helped turn in the fire alarm when the old stadium burned down). Quesada enlisted in the Army Air Force in 1934 and rose to lieutenant general, picking up an impressive war record and the reputation of a hard but fair man.

As the first head of the Federal Aviation Agency, Quesada incurred the displeasure of almost every interested party. "A whistled sepulcher," cried one opponent. "I am not bothered by the vociferous pressures of private interests, as long as I am concerned with the public interest," Quesada says to critics in the viceroy rhetoric he uses both for formal statements and casual conversation.

Milions for defense, offense

A lifelong unabashed fan, Quesada organized the syndicate that was selected over two other entries to replace Calvin Griffith's team. So far the group is committed to an investment of \$4½ million; the board of directors reads like a directory of elite Washington, with a large segment of support connected with the influential Washington Post, Agnes Meyer and Mrs. Philip Graham both being stockholders, and John Swetsman, *Four* vice-president and Mrs. Graham sitting on the team's board.

Unlike Calvin Griffith, the general has no fondness for the status quo. "Baseball needs stimulants and I'm against anything that's static. That doesn't mean scoreboards with dynamite in them. I don't believe in any practice that could be construed as humiliating the visiting team. I am against the bonus system. It is harmful, ridiculous, a reflection on our intelligence and should be stopped forthwith.

"I favor interleague play. It would be a shot in the arm for baseball. I find it difficult to understand the failure to seize such opportunities to stimulate the game. It is unfortunate that some people in baseball are extremely conservative."

In his office is a framed certificate attesting that "The Senators Inc." hold membership in the American League of Professional Baseball Clubs. The office also displays several models of jet aircraft, the David Schilling Award for Distinguished Service for Flight, and a trophy awarded to the general as Sales-

man of the Year 1960 by the Sales Executive Club of Washington. Quesada's aim now is to live up to that award by selling the Senators as an attraction in the District of Columbia and beyond.

Next year the Senators move to the new D.C. Stadium, a concrete bowl that will offer 43,500 seats, all providing complete visibility, and 12,500 parking spaces. Griffith Stadium has 27,300 seats but third base is invisible even from some of the boxes. It has almost no parking space and seems to have been designed to keep spectators away.

With Middleboro in the Appalachian League and Pensacola in the Alabama-Florida League, the Senators control two Class-D teams. By next season they hope to pick up a Triple-A team. Several bonus players have been signed in spite of the general's feelings on this source.

The general expresses no public dissatisfaction with the record of the team. "On the whole we've given the fans more than they had a right to expect. Brinkmanship, winning games by one run as we've done in 12 out of 17 one-run games at home, has been exciting. Both the press and the fans have been wonderful." Privately, he is somewhat less forgiving. He sometimes sounds downright sore.

In his office at Griffith Stadium every morning at 9 a.m. the general usually stays to see a game unless he has other business (he is also on the board of directors of American Airlines and the D.C. Transit Co.). He smiles easily, but nobody would regard him as soft.

The major fear of some Washingtonians is that the general might attempt to substitute his own baseball enthusiasm for the knowledge and experience of baseball men such as Doherty and Vernon. Whatever his internal role with the Senators, it is a fair guess that, with his connections in the Government, the general will make himself heard in the councils of the American League.

The current team is not a particularly young one, and obviously has limited skills. "We engage in wishful thinking, of course," says the general, "but my practical sense tells me we won't finish in the first division this year." While seventh heaven appears the possible condition for the Senators this year it is not a state intended for life on the baseball earth. A first-division finish in the next year or two is called for; even an orphan can expect a spanking once he has been adopted.

END



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